

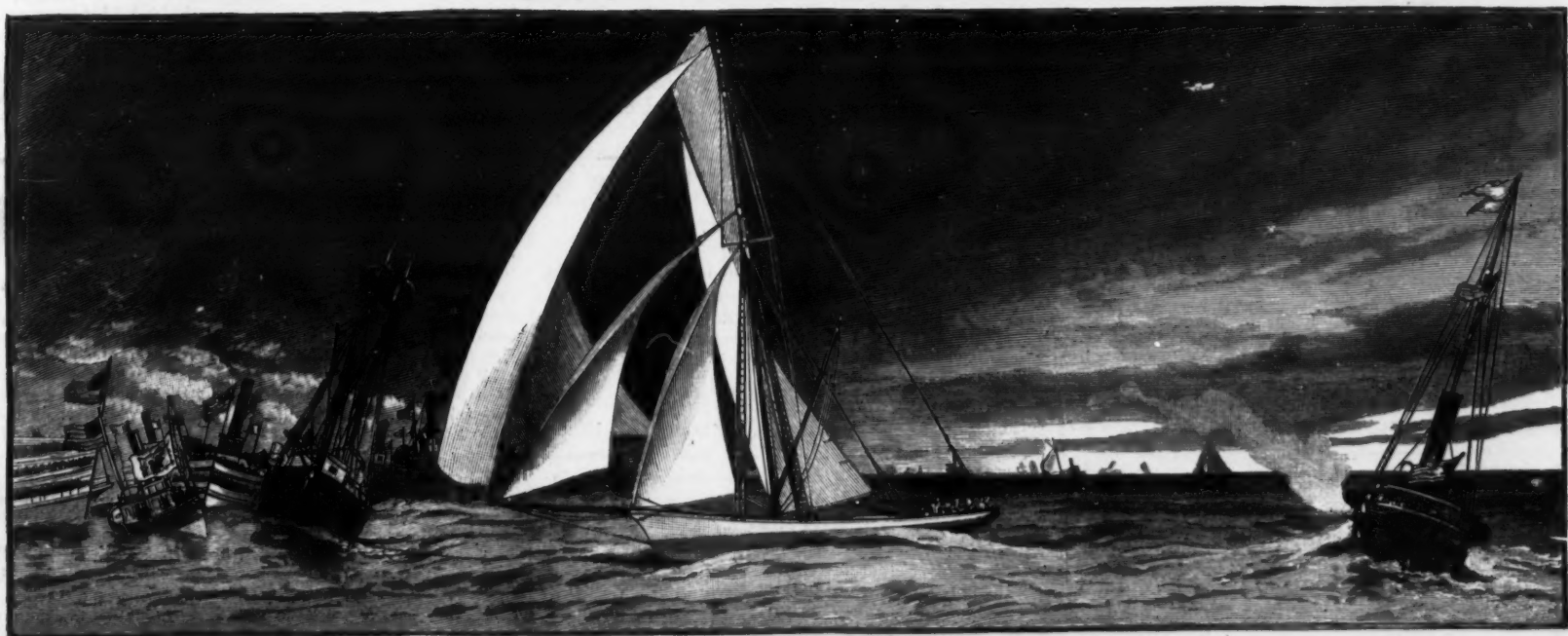
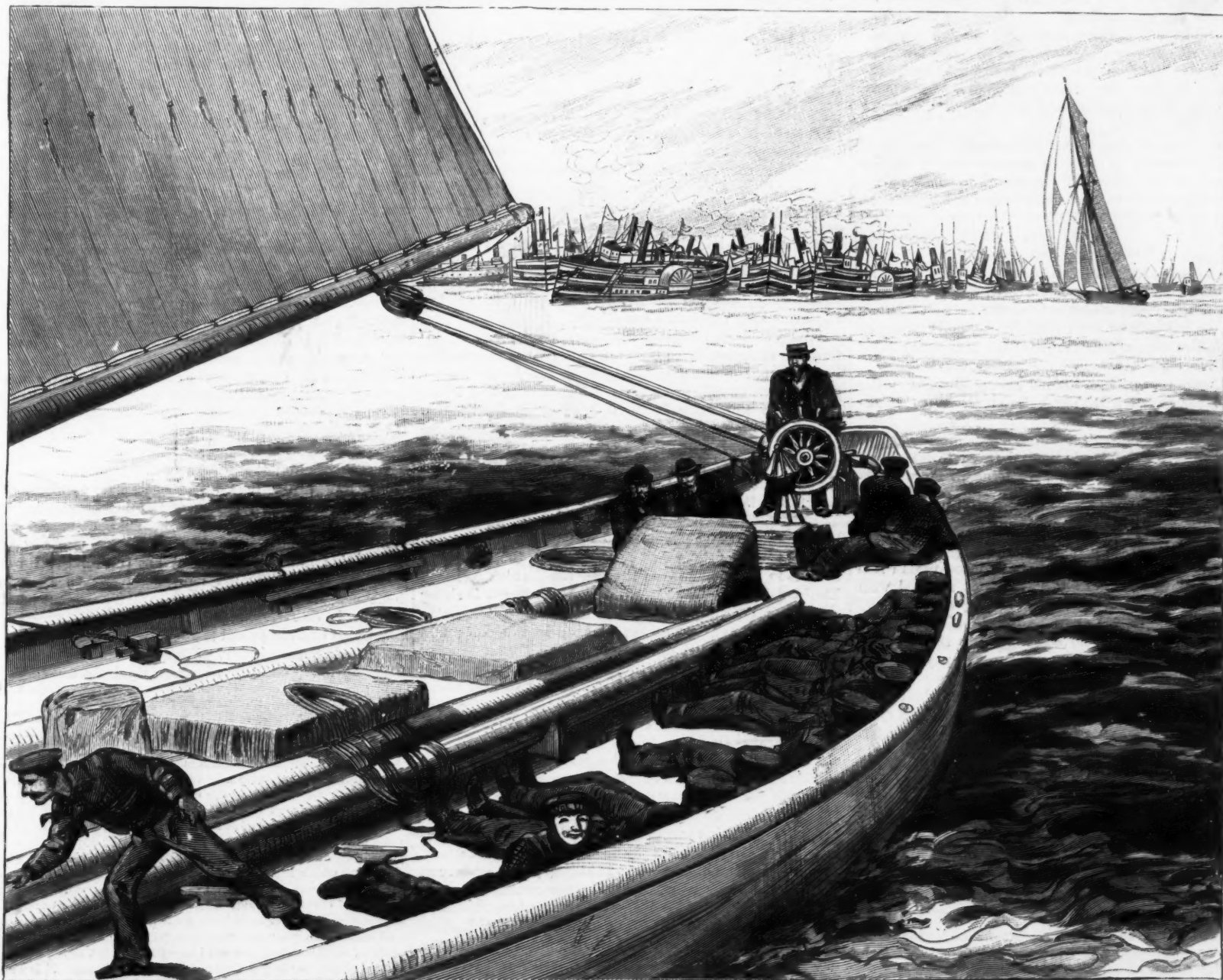
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. THE DECK OF THE "VOLUNTEER" DURING THE RACE OF SEPTEMBER 27TH. 2. THE FINISH IN THE DECIDING RACE OF SEPTEMBER 30TH.
THE "VOLUNTEER" CROSSING THE LINE.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.—THE TROPHY REMAINS IN AMERICAN HANDS.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 122.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

A QUADRUPLIX PLATFORM.

THE platform adopted by the New York Democratic Convention at Saratoga declares, substantially, that the party ought to elect its Secretary of State in New York because, having held the Presidency of the United States for two years, and the House of Representatives ten or twelve years, it still collects one hundred million dollars of taxes annually more than it ought to collect. It is also urged as a reason why Frederick Cook, instead of Frederick Dent Grant, should be Secretary of State, that the tariff should be first reduced on the "imported raw materials which now assist foreign competition with ourselves in our own markets." As "free raw materials" is a free-trade policy, and "preventing foreign competition with ourselves in our own markets" is protection, this sentence conforms to the regulation Democratic standard of having a free-trade head and a protectionist tail, leaving to inscrutable fate which shall "waggle" the other.

The platform is also of the opinion that the cost of clothing is increased to the dear wage-earners by the Tariff, though the party has made no use of its power to correct the evil. The gentlemen composing the Convention probably know that this is mere "bait for gudgeons." They do not believe that the duty on wool increases the price of clothing; they know that the clothing of wage-earners sells at as low prices in the United States as in any part of the world. Wage-earners can buy good suits of woolen clothing ready made for from ten to twelve dollars per suit in any part of the United States, and the ten or twelve dollars means here only two-thirds as many days' work as in countries which have "free wool."

The Committee on Resolutions sat up all night on the Civil Service question, having before it the three following devices for catching flies:

1. Civil Service Reform is a fraud.—*Tammany Hall.*
2. Civil Service Reform is a good thing to let alone; but why will not the President let it alone more vigorously?—*County Democracy.*
3. We all favor Civil Service Reform; but give the people a chance to bury it by a large majority.—*General Spinola.*

Of these three, the last came to the Convention like quails and manna in the desert, and was adopted with eager haste.

The Convention thanked President Cleveland for vetoing the Pension Bills, and congratulated the crippled veterans on the fact that Democrats were paying more money to the soldiers than Republicans ever did. It extolled our economic Administration, but admitted a "decided increase in the ordinary expenditures of Government." Why such an increase is necessary the platform, curiously enough, does not say.

In fact, the only clauses in the platform which relate to State issues are those which declare there should be no interference with the liquor-dealers by sumptuary laws. On whatever other points the platform is duplex, on this it is single. It sympathizes with every other political sentiment afloat except the desire to lessen the evils of intemperance. It holds that butter should not be made of oleomargarine, and that street-car conductors should work only ten hours a day, that Ireland should have Home Rule, and so on. On the temperance issue it does not talk on both sides. A canvass of the Convention by the *World* reporters shows that the Democracy of New York is still for Cleveland.

It was considered a triumph in telegraphy when four independent messages of conflicting meaning could travel in opposite directions over one wire at one time. It should never have seemed remarkable to any one who had given a cursory perusal to a set of New York Democratic resolutions. They always travel that way.

But what a pity it is that we cannot have a little candor in politics! And how vast would be the gain to the public morals if political parties would practice an ordinary degree of honesty! The spectacle of the Democracy of a great State, while dodging every other issue, begging openly for the support of the liquor interest—the one interest which insolently defies all law and decency—and the Republicans at the same time intriguing and bargaining for the votes of Labor and other organizations with which they have no sort of sympathy, is an illustration of the degeneracy of our modern politics which may well inspire all decent people with disgust.

THE SHARP CASE.

IN the affirmation by the General Term of the Supreme Court of the judgment in the case of Jacob Sharp, the cause of justice and the interests of public morals have obtained a decisive triumph, and it has been again demonstrated that the law is stronger than the forces which can be combined for its overthrow. Jacob Sharp bribed and debauched servants of the people in the belief that his money would protect him from punishment; when indicted and brought to book, he used his money

lavishly to delay and embarrass the proceedings against him; when convicted, he invoked every available social, political and financial influence which could be enlisted and used to secure further delay and a final reversal of his sentence—never for a second abandoning the belief that he would, in the end, prove more than a match for the law, and triumph over that popular sentiment of sympathy with law and justice which demanded that he should suffer the penalty his crime demanded. Well, he has found himself mistaken. Insolent, defiant, unrepentant as he is, he will go at last to Sing Sing, where his illegitimate gains cannot abridge by an hour the tenure of his sentence, or abate by one jot the disgrace which covers his name. It is a pitiable spectacle; an old man, convicted of a great crime, passing into the eclipse of a felon's cell, stolid and brazen, making no sign of repentance or restitution; but object lessons of this stern sort are needed in these days of easy virtue, and Jacob Sharp in prison may serve a more useful end in his relation to public morals than he has ever done in his long career outside the penitentiary walls.

COLLEGE CLASSES AND ATHLETICS.

THE athletic interest, now so prominent in all ranks of society, is certainly not least so in college circles. Whether for good or ill, it is a noteworthy fact that the members of the incoming classes of any college at all prominent in athletics are, year after year, very closely proportioned to the degree of success that college has achieved in the athletic field during the preceding year. This year, for example, the unprecedentedly large class entering Yale is almost universally set down to her success last year on field and river; and whereas there is no doubt that, in the minds of students in general, athletic prestige is an entirely adequate reason for the selection of a college, there seems to be little room for doubt that parents and guardians, and teachers also, see the matter in very much the same light.

And yet, however justifiable may be the general interest in athletics, there is a certain degree of satisfaction in believing that other motives do also rule in the matter of a choice of colleges. It is not Yale only that is receiving an unusually large number of Freshmen this year. Harvard and Princeton and Amherst tell the same story; Cornell has nearly doubled the usual number of her Freshman Class, and many other Eastern colleges show a goodly increase in numbers. Surely there is something beyond athletic success behind all this.

Indeed, there are two other reasons for it, and both of them reasons of deep significance. More men are entering college now than has recently been the case, and more men are coming from the West to Eastern colleges. The standard of culture in the Western States is rising more rapidly than it is possible for Western colleges to meet, and therefore men are seeking in the older and more amply endowed institutions of the East a broader and deeper culture than they can find at home. This is a highly significant watermark of the tide of social progress in the West. It shows that the scramble after wealth is no longer the chief interest of Western life; that there is coming to be leisure for thought and study, and a deeper concern for matters not purely subservient to the business of "getting on." Men have, indeed, got past "getting on"; they have come to a point where they can afford to stand still and look about them, and expand their sympathies to a wider range, cultivating other faculties than those that serve in business. And this is true in Oregon as in Illinois, in the newer as well as the older West. It only now remains for the Western colleges to be raised to the Eastern standard, while retaining their own characteristics, and for Eastern men to go West for study, and our national character and culture will become truly homogeneous and forceful.

For more than a hundred and fifty years the proportion of college-bred men to the whole population, even in New England, has been steadily diminishing. Many sufficient reasons have conspired to this result—immigration, wars, the rapid material development of our country; but the result has been an increasing crudeness and narrowness of our civilization, taken as a whole, even in the face of an increasing prosperity. There is reason to believe that within the past ten years the current has begun to set the other way, and a slight proportionate increase made. The unusually large numbers of the incoming classes of nearly all our prominent colleges give good ground to hope that this increase is to be a permanent and growing one, stimulated, not by an ephemeral interest, but by a true development of our civilization.

SECTARIAN EDUCATION.

THE changes in the character of our population have a striking illustration in the fact that in Massachusetts, the home of the Puritans, and it might be said the home of the common-school system, the increase in the number of parochial schools is so marked as to attract anxious attention. The tendency to sectarian education is not confined exclusively to Roman Catholics, but it is most pronounced with this denomination, which, it is probably no injustice to say, has been less in sympathy with the public-school system than other sects. It appears that parochial schools are being rapidly established in Massachusetts towns and cities wherever there is any considerable Roman Catholic population, and in conse-

quence pupils are being withdrawn from the common schools. In Malden, Mass., where this movement is particularly noticeable, an effort has been made to rent rooms for a parochial school in a public-school building, which would certainly be a curious arrangement; but it must be added that there has seemed to be no attempt to secure an appropriation of public money for sectarian education. Until this point is reached, the increase in the number of parochial schools may be a cause of regret, but if Roman Catholics or the members of any other sect choose to support sectarian schools in addition to paying their proportion of the public-school tax, they are perfectly free to do so. We say regret, because our public-school system is entirely unsectarian, and founded upon perfect liberty of conscience, and we believe it to be for the best interests of the Republic that this system of education, free in every particular, should be cordially supported and enjoyed by all classes and sects.

Moreover, past experience has shown that the growth of sectarian education is likely to be followed by a demand for support from the public treasury. Soon after the establishment of the common-school system in New York, in 1842, a meeting favoring sectarian appropriations was presided over by Archbishop Hughes, and Assemblymen were nominated on this issue. In 1867, when the Tammany Ring began to control New York, renewed efforts were made to secure appropriations for sectarian schools; and in 1869 Tweed, then a member of the State Senate, presented a Bill which would have obtained this result. Failing in this, a Bill was passed legislating out of office the Board of Education, authorizing the Mayor to appoint twelve School Commissioners, and providing that an amount equal to twenty per cent. of the excise money received in 1868 should be distributed among the schools by an officer to be appointed by the Commissioners, nine of whom held office under the Ring. Of this sum (about \$200,000), the parochial schools received the larger amount, and increased greatly, while the public schools showed a falling off. Afterwards the friends of the public schools succeeded in repealing this legislation, and with a non-sectarian system, adopted under Mayor Havemeyer in 1873, the public schools regained their measure of usefulness. Advocates of sectarian appropriations admitted that if they were successful, thirty per cent. of the children, being Roman Catholics, and thirty per cent. of other denominations, would be withdrawn from the common schools, and three-fifths of the schoolhouses would be closed. In other words, sectarian appropriations would mean the destruction of the common-school system. Yet the feeling in favor of sectarianism in education has continued.

All this goes to show that any movement towards sectarian education must be regarded with some apprehensions. The so-called American party was not beating the air in declaring against sectarianism in education or any union of Church and State. Religion and politics do not mingle harmoniously. We trust that there will be no occasion to oppose State or municipal aid for sectarian schools.

RECENT SOUTHERN DEVELOPMENT.

EVEN the lassitude of the Summer has not checked the wonderful industrial development in all sections of the South. However closely one may follow the diversification of industry in that section—the changes from agriculture to manufactures, and the increase in the number of mills and furnaces—every review of progress furnishes fresh occasion for surprise. The quarterly review just published by the *Chattanooga Tradesman* indicates a rapidity of growth which has probably never been surpassed in this country, if no account is taken of the mushroom growth and speedy decline of certain mining sections of the West. For example, 32 new cotton factories have been established within three months, and within the year the total consumption of cotton in the 249 mills of the South has increased over 20,000 bales, or 5½ per cent., a ratio of increase larger than that of the population. It is easy to assume that this is going too fast, but we do not see the danger, for the South has now to make up for an apathy lasting for many years, and many more mills will be needed in order to supply a home market, which in the past has depended largely on cloth from New England and Great Britain. The record of the consumption of 401,452 bales of cotton yearly in Southern factories indicates no present danger of over-production.

But the rapid development of the iron business cannot be viewed without some misgivings. Within the last three months twelve coke companies and eleven blast-furnace companies have been organized, 29 foundry and machine shops have been established, and 133 coal and ore mines and quarries have been opened. Remembering the progress previously made, the opening of scores of mines and furnaces in Tennessee, Alabama and elsewhere, and the sudden building up of Birmingham and other iron cities, it is reasonable to ask whether such intense activity as is shown by the latest figures is not abnormal and dangerous. The production of iron in this country is already enormous. An extraordinary amount of railroad-building during the last year has afforded a market; but it is conceded that railroad-building has been overdone, a reaction is apprehended, and when this comes, and the price of iron and steel falls, it seems likely that the Southern iron boom will be compelled to curtail its present fair dimensions. But every industry undergoes periods of expansion and contraction, and although some of the Southern furnaces may be closed and some of the absurd land booms collapse, it is nevertheless certain that the iron industry has become a permanent and important feature of Southern life.

Iron and cotton are at the head of the new industries, but the *Tradesman's* record for the last three months includes a remarkable activity in gold and silver mining, which has led to the erection of fifteen smelting works in Arkansas and the formation of 31 mining and quarrying companies. The record also includes the opening of 81 wood-working establishments, 20 brick works, 48 flour mills, 91 saw mills, 26 electric-light works, and the formation of 87 railroad and 133 miscellaneous companies. In railroad-building and real estate, as in iron, there is reason to suspect that the future is being

too rashly discounted, while at the same time it is certain that any period of reaction and depression will be temporary. The new South is to be congratulated on her marvelous development, but a word of caution is not amiss.

THE LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

THE Knights of Labor Convention at Minneapolis, and the fight there certain to occur over Mr. Powderly's place as General Master Workman of the Order, is the climax of the disintegration that has been going on for some months in the ranks of organized workmen. The whole vast body that calls itself "Labor" is in solution and is rapidly crystallizing about new centres. The Knights of Labor reached the summit of their power a year ago. The decline since has been rapid and almost disastrous, so that the Minneapolis Convention attracts scarcely a tithe of the public attention that the last meeting at Richmond did. The falling off in membership has been great, and the loss of prestige even greater.

Corresponding with the decadence of the Knights has been the rise of the Federation of Trades, into which several seceding groups of Knights have gone bodily, and to which others have threatened to go until they were granted trade district assemblies as the price of remaining. The principle of this new body is organization along trade-union lines. Each trade has a national union, which governs the affairs of its own members absolutely, and the trades within the federation make common cause where they can agree that it is for their mutual advantage to do so. The same principle is recognized to a less extent in the trade district assemblies that have latterly been formed among the Knights; but it is directly contrary to the fundamental idea of the Knights of Labor. That was, to form a vast union, ignoring trade lines, in which each member should have equal power, without regard to intelligence or earning capacity. That idea has broken down of its own weight. It worked well enough so long as the majority of Knights were drawn from the more intelligent trades. But when the great mass of ignorant day laborers rushed in and instituted strike after strike, without regard to their power to sustain them, the Order came perilously near to falling to pieces. That experience has shown that the industrial organization of workmen will probably be conducted along trade lines in the future, and that no one body will ever hold the power which the Knights sought to wield.

New crystallizations are also forming in the "Labor vote." Four "Labor" State tickets are in the field in New York, each drawing from those voters whom the Labor leaders expected to throw in a solid mass against the old parties. The result will be extremely interesting, as showing just the attractive force of the various elements in the discontent which makes a Labor party possible. Apparently, Henry George is the strongest magnet, and if he and his followers reorganize after election on a national basis, as Dr. McGlynn recently announced, as "the Commonwealth party," they may succeed in again drawing to themselves the other factions. But the Union Labor, the Progressive Labor and the Greenback Labor votes will show the extent of the disaffection with Georgeism pure and simple.

A MOHAMMEDAN REVIVAL.

FOR some time past an educational and religious revival has been in progress in the Turkish dominions in Europe and Asia, which, if continued, may make the Ottoman Empire a much more important factor in European politics than it has recently been. The movement first became noticeable about two years ago, when orders emanating from the Sultan commanded the local authorities to close all schools which did not possess *Firman*s from the Divan. Few of the schools in Syria, either Protestant or Catholic, possessed such a permit, and the consequence was that nearly all the Christian schools have been closed. This was, however, done very deliberately and so gradually that it was only recently that the determination of the Moslem authorities to banish Christian schools from Asia Minor became too apparent to admit of further doubt.

But this action of the authorities has not been limited to Western Asia. The same policy has been pursued in other sections of the empire, and though Christian schools in the seaboard cities and towns have been so far left almost unmolested, indications are now multiplying which cause serious forebodings on the part of those who are interested in the most favored educational institutions in these localities. The *animus* of the authorities at Constantinople is further shown in their refusal to recognize the graduates from the Jesuit Medical School at Beirut, and in closing the Boys' School established under Protestant auspices at Tripoli. Though permission has of late been given for the erection of several foreign schools, it was only upon the stipulation that no Mohammedan children should be permitted to attend. Throughout the empire, recently, the local authorities were commanded, by order of the Sultan, to examine the foreign schools, and to remove therefrom every Moslem child found in them.

That the Turkish Government is not actuated in this policy by a feeling of opposition to education is apparent from the fact that it is, if anything, more active in its efforts to provide educational facilities, in consonance with the religion of Islam, than it is to destroy those institutions which threaten the stability of the faith, and which act as centres of Christian propagandism. Though the Turkish treasury has been for years in a state of chronic depletion, the Government is erecting schools all over the country, and Mohammedan children are compelled to attend those of their own faith.

A religious revival is also apparent throughout the Turkish Empire, and as in the former case, though the impelling power seems to be at Constantinople, the simultaneous response of the population to the call of the head of their Church shows conclusively that the Moslem spirit has been aroused from the lethargy of years. The Government is now building mosques and shrines all over the land. Old religious edifices are being repaired, ruined tombs of saints and shrines rebuilt and redecorated, and in other significant ways the Turkish Empire now proclaims itself the most religious of all political Powers.

These facts prove beyond a doubt that the "dead man" has life in him yet; that he has awakened from his long-continued sleep of fatalistic indifference, and that for the future he will not rest contented with the laurels of the past, but rather endeavor to emulate the splendid achievements of his race. It is an idea entertained by many that Islamism and a high state of civilization cannot exist together. In disproof of this, it is sufficient to mention the Empire of the Caliphs in Arabia, and that founded by the Moors in Spain, in which the arts and sciences, and many of the amenities of civilized life, were distinctive features when all of Christian Europe was in a state of semi-barbarism. The Moslem faith is, after all, one of the purest systems of theism, and there is nothing in it inconsistent with civilization and good morals, excepting its recognition of polygamy. Edwin Arnold remarks that "Islam must be conciliated; it cannot be thrust scornfully aside or

rooted out. It shares the task of the education of the world with its sister religions, and it will contribute its eventual portion to

—that far-off divine event,
Towards which the whole creation moves."

While Christians generally would dissent from Arnold's view concerning the loftiness of the future mission of Islamism, the signs of the times warrant the belief that it still possesses sufficient vitality to overcome the inertia which has characterized its adherents in the Ottoman Empire for so long a period. The progress it has made in Africa, where it has carried education and introduced other civilizing influences, is not the least remarkable of the illustrations recently afforded of this awakening aggressiveness of temper and purpose.

THE EVANGELIZING OF THE MASSES.

THE Conference of Christian Workers which has been in session in this city for a week or so sharply emphasized the great lack in the Church work of the time. They devoted two or three days to discussing the failure of the Churches to reach the masses. The fact of the failure is patent, and is more obvious in this city than in any smaller community. The up-town avenues are lined with costly churches, in which gather a few scattered listeners to a polite message that stirs not one nerve or pulse-beat. Down-town, the tenement-houses and back-door saloons throng with masses of humanity for whom the Gospel does not exist except through its charities. As its invitation is presented, they spurn it. The regeneration of these people is infinitely more important than the conversion of the same number of heathen in Africa or Japan. They form a black whirlpool into which they constantly draw another mass, less vicious than themselves, and with whom the Churches would have a fair chance if there were not a stronger attraction dragging them down.

To this problem the Conference addressed itself. Speakers told of various experiments in other cities rather more successful than the pitiful curbstone preaching in vogue here. A belief was generally expressed that the remedy lies in driving from the minds of the poor the deeply seated notion that religion is for the rich, an idea fostered by the gradations in pew rentals and the caste distinctions in the Churches. The Conference was right, but the task it outlined is extremely difficult. A great step towards the desired end would be taken, however, if the mass of the people in the Churches could be taught to practice not only philanthropy but personal friendliness. If the majority of professed Christians were to recognize that the stranger, the unfortunate, and even the vicious, have a claim, not only upon their money, but upon their more precious time and personal sympathy, there would be little occasion to discuss the failure of the Gospel to reach the masses.

THE return of the flag captured by the Second Alabama Regiment to the survivors of the Sixteenth Connecticut is the latest of several similar incidents indicating more forcibly than any stump protestations of goodwill the extinction of old war animosities. The people at large in the North, as well as in the South, have become wearied of demagogic reopening of old wounds. They look to the future, not to the past. The manly willingness of Southerners to surrender trophies of victories over their countrymen is the best proof that they really feel themselves in accord with their brethren of the North.

THE end of the century will probably witness the emancipation of the last slave in Brazil. The civilization of the great Empire of South America is not the civilization of the United States, as those unhappy colonists who went from this country to Brazil a few years ago found out to their sorrow. But the movement for the extinction of slavery and the readiness with which the people have fallen into it are satisfactory evidences of progress even in the Spanish-American nations to the south of us. Better means of communication, better acquaintance with our people and institutions, and more intimate trade relations with the United States, are certain to hasten the transformation.

THE opponents of the proposed Prohibitory Amendment to the Constitution carried the day at the election in Tennessee on Thursday of last week. East Tennessee gave a large majority for the Amendment, but other parts of the State went against it, securing its defeat by a majority of several thousand more. The election was marked by a good deal of excitement in the more populous districts of the State, and women worked all day at the polls, while in many places prayer-meetings were held in the churches. In some counties, the negro vote seems to have been massed against the Amendment, and its defeat may fairly be attributed to the votes of the more ignorant part of the population.

THE assessment of Democratic officials in the departments at Washington, for political purposes, does not appear to have become obsolete. The *Tribune* charges that a committee of the Ohio Democratic Association, composed of officials and clerks in Government employ, has begun the work of collecting contributions in aid of the party nominee for Governor in that State, and that the sum of \$1,000 has been pledged, and is to be raised, for that purpose. The Civil Service Law has penal provisions covering all cases of this sort, and if the charges thus deliberately made are true, somebody should at once bring the offenders to book, and get a decision of the question whether these provisions can be enforced, or were made to be evaded.

Hazing in the colleges of to-day is a relic of barbarism that survives only by sufferance. In too many of our institutions of learning the authorities, while giving no countenance to the practice, do not adopt the most efficient means of stopping it—that of turning the offenders over to the civil authorities to be dealt with as other misdemeanants. If the Faculty of Yale, who last week expelled a member of the Sophomore Class for conspicuous participation in hazing practices, had put him under arrest for assault and disorderly conduct, and compelled him to face a trial in the criminal courts, the effect upon the students generally would have been much more decisive, and he would not be, as he now is, the hero-martyr of his class.

IF Bismarck and the German Government have really been anxious to avoid offering provocation to France, they have been singularly unfortunate. The arrest of the commissary Schnaebele, last Spring, was a serious blunder. The shooting affair at Raon-sur-Plaine, near Lunéville, on September 24th, was a brutal outrage. According to the French version, which has the substantial proofs on its side, and which has not been authoritatively contradicted, a German soldier detailed to assist the forest-guards fired three shots, without warning, upon a party of French huntsmen, killing one of the beaters, and severely wounding a young lieutenant named Wanger. It is claimed that the victims were on French territory when they were shot. They certainly fell there, and

the places are marked with their blood. It is scarcely possible that the soldier who did the shooting will escape punishment, or that the responsible authorities will refuse pecuniary compensation to the widow of the Frenchman who was killed. The difficulty will be to convince France that this bloodshed on the frontier is not consistent with the instructions regularly given to Bismarck's officials in Alsace-Lorraine, and therefore liable to be repeated whenever occasion may offer.

THE great international yacht races of last week prove conclusively the superiority of the American style of yacht over those built abroad. No races were ever sailed under fairer conditions, and no triumph was ever more complete than that of the *Volunteer*. But it is not probable that the struggle for the yachting supremacy of the world will end with this last contest. British pluck will be sure to assert itself, and other competitors for the international trophy will no doubt appear in due time. American yachtsmen, we are certain, will welcome any future challenge from whatever quarter, and American genius and enterprise will furnish a boat, even faster than the *Volunteer*, for any contest which may offer.

OF all the immigrants to this country, those from England, Scotland and Wales are most like our own people, best fitted to understand and appreciate our free institutions and best qualified to assume the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship. It is especially gratifying, therefore, to witness throughout the country the movement among the English, Scotch, Welsh and Canadian societies to secure the naturalization of their members. There is no danger that the ignorant and degraded immigrants from Central and Southern Europe will delay the acquisition of citizenship. The political demagogues who so easily control their votes always look out for that. But the natives of England, Scotland and Wales, and those of Canada, of British descent, will think and act for themselves. They will be on the side of law, order and progress, no matter to what party they are allied.

IT may cause some satisfaction to the habitual beer-drinkers of this country to be told by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, when he has discovered by his proposed chemical analysis what they are, the names of all the drugs that are used in the manufacture of beer, but we doubt if it will have any effect upon the amount of malt liquors consumed or in preventing the mixture of lethal drugs with the beer. No habitual beer-drinker can be made to believe that the particular brand of his favorite beverage contains anything but malt and hops, and the product of most of the breweries would lose its popularity and fail to be recognized if the drugs were left out. Does Commissioner Miller hope to check the consumption of beer, which is growing, and on which the tax is light, and stimulate that of whisky, which is decreasing, and upon which the tax is heavy? We predict that he will not do it in this way.

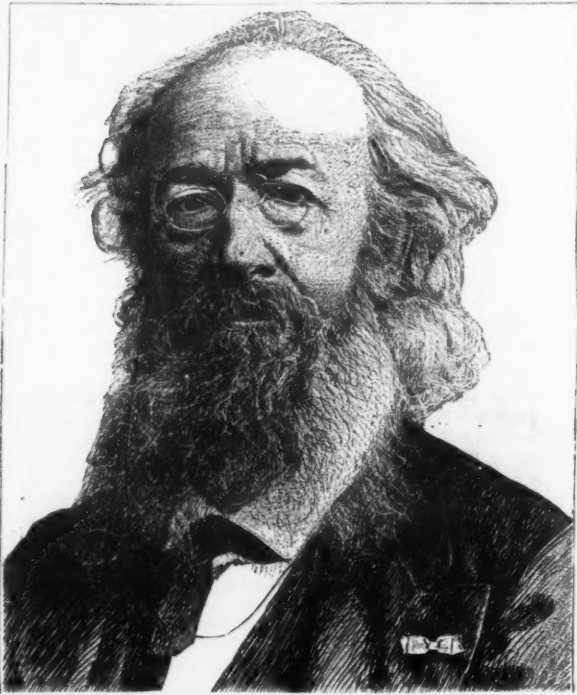
THE gentlemen selected by the President to act with the Secretary of State in the negotiations for a settlement of the fisheries dispute are President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan, and Hon. William L. Putnam, a prominent lawyer of Maine. Both gentlemen have accepted, and it is believed by the President that their fitness for the important duty devolved upon them will be amply demonstrated by the result of their labors. Mr. Putnam has been the counsel for the United States for the last two years in cases arising under law and treaty in connection with the fisheries disputes, and President Angell has had experience in international transactions, having been one of the Commissioners by whom the latest treaty with China was negotiated. It is a point also worthy of consideration that each appointee represents a section of the country which is intimately concerned in securing a settlement of the difficulty with Canada.

GREAT as has been the conversion of available capital into fixed capital, during the present year, by the building of new railroads, the erection of furnaces, mills and factories, and the opening of new mines, it has been enormously increased by investment in unimproved real estate in the cities, especially of the West and Southwest. This is the most serious feature of the present business situation in this country. These investments are almost purely speculative. In nine cases out of ten they will involve loss, and already they have absorbed so much of the ready money of the country as to seriously affect the markets for loanable funds at the great monetary centres. And yet this speculation is not without beneficial effects. General business is in a healthful condition. The Fall trade of New York is large and prices are satisfactory. Speculation has not begun, but the conditions for it are favorable, and some of the premonitory signs have already appeared. Let us be careful not to go ahead too fast.

WHAT is loss to the New York District Attorney's office will be a proportionate gain to the city's criminal jurisprudence, if ex-Judge Gunning S. Bedford is successful in securing the nomination of the united Democracy for the new Judgeship of the Court of General Sessions. This position has been created by an Act of the Legislature to meet the emergency arising from the overcrowding of the criminal trial courts, under the existing laws, and as a result of the rapid growth of the city's population. It is essential that the judge selected to relieve this pressure shall be equipped with a special experience in criminal law and in the practice of New York courts. These qualifications belong in a special degree to Judge Bedford, who sat on the Criminal Bench as New York's City Judge when he was only twenty-seven years of age, and who, as Assistant District Attorney, has won a reputation as one of our ablest and most energetic public prosecutors. He has proved in previous elections, by running ahead of his ticket, that he has friends outside the factions of his party; and he becomes inevitably a prominent figure in this year's canvass.

THE new buildings of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons were formally opened last Thursday. It is to the generosity of the Vanderbilt family that this institution owes the splendid home and complete equipment which make it one of the most efficient of its kind in the world, placing New York above rivalry in this country for medical education and progress. The original gift of the late William H. Vanderbilt, three years ago, was half a million dollars. After his death, his sons founded the Vanderbilt Clinic, in memoriam; while his daughter and her husband, Mr. W. D. Sloane, have founded and endowed the maternity hospital which is now in course of completion on the ground purchased for the new college buildings. These are noble and significant monuments, and they will be enduring. Mr. Depew, at the doctors' banquet, given in celebration of the opening, declared that the millionaire is to be estimated by the use he makes of his money; and Mayor Hewitt, in a letter read on the same occasion, rejoiced "that the world more and more comes to the opinion that superfluous wealth is a public trust." Such sentiments are oftener uttered than acted upon. New York may be justly proud of the example of the Vanderbilts, and grateful for it.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 118.



FRENCH GUIANA.—M. JULES GROS, APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF THE NEW "COUNANIAN REPUBLIC."



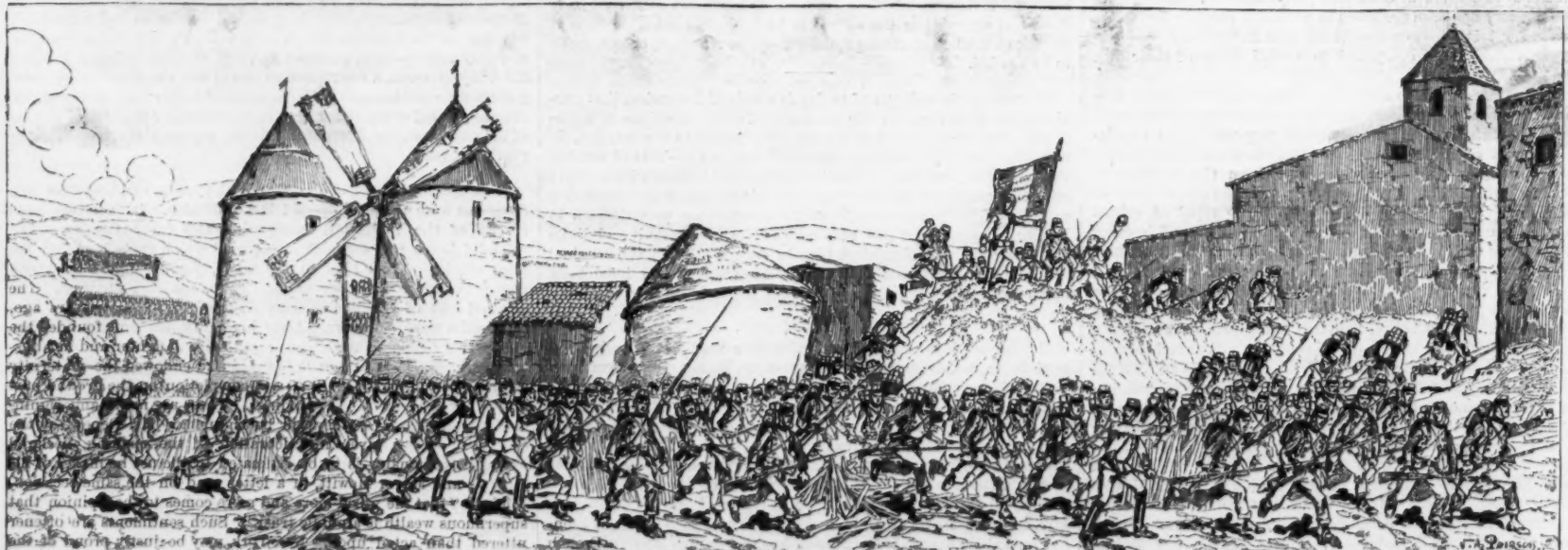
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—PAMPA WAGONS IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT BUENOS AYRES.



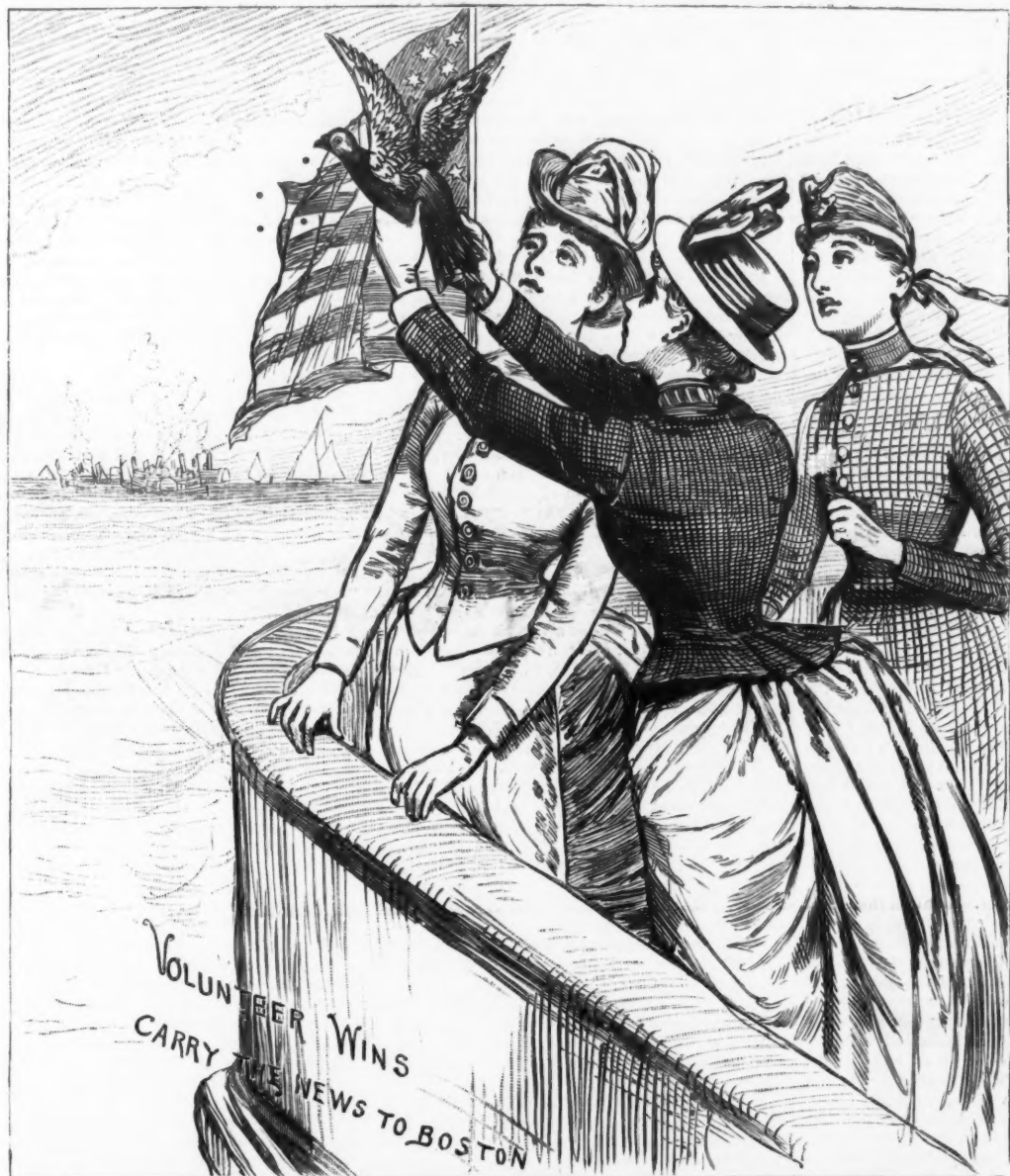
CHINA.—PRINCE CH'UN, FATHER OF THE EMPEROR, PRIME MINISTER, AND LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.



FRANCE.—A MILITARY VELOCIPEDIST AT THE SHAM BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 9TH.



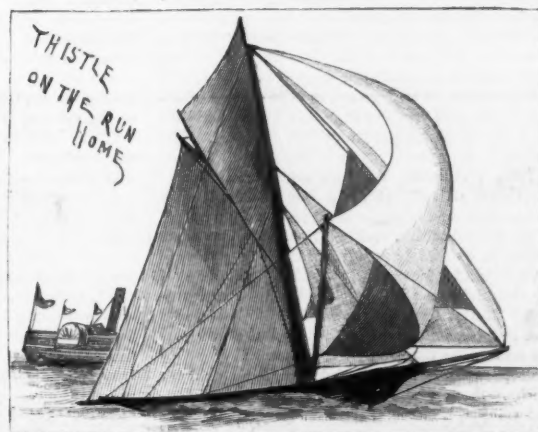
FRANCE.—THE MOBILIZATION MANOEUVRES—THE 83D REGIMENT CHARGING UPON THE VILLAGE OF CAILHAU.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 122.



NEW YORK CITY.—CORNELIUS N. BLISS, CHAIRMAN OF
THE REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE.
SEE PAGE 123.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S WESTERN TOUR.—THE SPECIAL TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE PENNSYLVANIA NATURAL GAS REGION.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 123.

A LOVER'S REASON.

MUST I tell you why I love you, dear?
I have conked your question o'er and o'er,
But the answer, sweetheart, is not clear:
Wrestling with the problem, more and more
Do I love and long for you, my dear.

It is not that you are fairer, love,
Than all others whom I fall to sue;
There is beauty, sweetheart, far above
Any grace that I behold in you—
Yet your power is absolute, my love.

It is not that you are perfect, sweet;
There are women nobler, more divine—
Women, sweetheart, at whose saintly feet
I could humbly bow as at a shrine—
Yet I love you more than these, my sweet.

Hold! I have it! We are man and wife
By some subtle, gracious, golden law!
God-matched fragments, sweetheart, of one life,
From which neither of us may withdraw,
And I love—by Heaven's decree—my wife!

Will you take this for an answer, dear?
I could give no other if I would.
Ah, I love you, sweetheart—bend your ear—
Not that you are fair, or wise, or good—
But I love you for yourself, my dear.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

SUSPICIONS OF SARAH MORRIS.
BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I HAVE often thought that I would keep a diary. The journal of a sick-nurse ought to be nearly as interesting as an old novel that I have read (I am very fond of novels, especially sensational ones), called "The Diary of a Physician"; and then I am not an ordinary *garde malade*, as they style us here in France. I am always called Miss Morris, and I never take my meals with the servants; and we sick-nurses, according to the sensational novels aforesaid, have great opportunities of witnessing strange and tragic incidents, and of learning all about romances in real life.

I wonder if I am not on the track of a real tragedy just now. It is ten days since the Count de Viana came to engage me to take charge of his young wife, and already it seems to me that her illness has something mysterious about it. The countess is very pretty, even in her present wasted and faded condition. She has large blue eyes, and a profusion of soft, shining, fair hair, and very delicate features. She is extremely pale, and her lips are tinged with a vivid and unnatural scarlet. But she is extremely pretty, all the same. She is an American by birth, and was the daughter and only child of Amos Lyddell, the inventor and proprietor of the Lyddell Hair Tonic, so she was a great heiress. Indeed I have heard that her fortune was to be counted by millions.

She has been ill now, she told me, for over three months. Such a trying form of illness, too; constant nausea, a burning sensation in the stomach, inability to take food, etc., etc. She has had all the best doctors in Europe to attend her, and not one of them can find out what ails her; I have my suspicions—and I mean to look about me pretty sharply to see if there are any grounds for me to go upon and to warrant my interference. In plain language, it seems to me as though the countess was being slowly and gradually poisoned. Now, who is it that is poisoning her? Can it be the count?

May 25th.—I should not wonder if it were the count. I never liked his looks from the very first; good-looking truly, with a fine figure, big black eyes, and a soft, silky-looking, curly beard. Soft and silky—yes—like his manners. He is always cooing over his poor sick little wife, and wanting to carry her about in his arms, and calling her his poor dear little Nellie. I am afraid of him, I must confess. His sweetness and lovingness seem too much to be real. Then, what is he doing half the day in that room at the top of the house? Whenever he is not in his wife's sick-room he is shut up there. And why did he come out here to Passy to take a house, instead of engaging rooms in a fashionable and central part of Paris? It is all very well to talk about fresh air for the invalid, as the count's valet, Antonio, did the other evening. Fresh air, indeed! It is my opinion that he came here just to get out of everybody's way and to carry out his nefarious designs where there was no possibility of any interruption. It really makes my heart ache to see that poor young thing clinging about his neck, and to hear her calling him her darling Carlo. It makes me hate the very name of Carlo. I have a dog called that at home, and I shall give it away as soon as I get back.

And yet sometimes I think I may be making a mistake; Madame de Viana's malady may be wholly natural, and even if it is not, I have no proof that the count has any hand in it. I must be prudent, and not let my imagination carry me away.

May 27th.—The countess is rather better to-day. She sat up for several hours, and was strong enough to make quite an elaborate toilet with the help of her maid. She has put on a perfect love of a dressing-gown in pale blue surah, trimmed with white lace and ruby velvet—a present, she tells me, from her husband, on the first anniversary of her marriage. The count is delighted at her improved health. He is going into Paris in an hour or two to get some medicine made up for her. It is a prescription given her by a French doctor, which did her a great deal of good some months ago, when, as she tells me, she was afflicted with a terrible eruption on her forehead and her cheeks. She discovered a little redness near the corner of her left eyebrow last night, and thinks she had best recommence the medicine. Like all pretty women, the countess takes an exceedingly degree of care of her complexion whenever she is well enough to think of anything besides her illness. She has been talking to me a great deal about her life as a schoolgirl, and her marriage, and the pleasant wedding journey she

made to Italy and Spain, and how kind her husband has always been to her, and how dearly she loves him. But then she told me something that has set me to thinking harder than ever.

"I have made my will, leaving Carlo all my fortune when I die, Sarah," she said. "You see, I have no near relations, and there is no one on earth that I love so well as I do my husband."

She chatted on for some time, and then took some cream and a cup of beef-tea, and seemed stronger and better than she has done at any time since I came. About six o'clock the count returned with the bottle of medicine, and a beautiful bouquet, and a basket of hot house strawberries, and a new novel by Hector Malot. He quite brightened the sick-room with his gifts and his presence, and he seemed so pleased at hearing that Madame de Viana felt stronger and had been able to take some nourishment. "Bravo, little wife!" he cried, lifting her bodily off the lounge in his great, strong arms (she is not a great weight to lift, poor little creature, so thin and wasted is she!) "We shall have you out driving in a week, and then we may begin to think about a trip to Switzerland or to the seashore;" and then he sat down in the American rocking-chair, and rocked and petted and murmured to the poor sick girl till she actually fell asleep on his shoulder.

Decidedly my suspicions have been both foolish and wicked. I shall burn my diary to-morrow, and never think of them again. What! this kind, affectionate gentleman a poisoner!—the murderer of his own wife? It is impossible!

May 28th.—Oh, dear me! what a day we have had of it, and how utterly all my newborn confidence in the count has been scattered to the four winds of heaven! On awakening from the sleep into which her husband had lulled her, Madame de Viana declared that she felt so much better that she would have a cup of tea, and afterwards some of the strawberries the count had brought her. I made the tea myself, and she seemed to enjoy it, and the strawberries as well. Then she took a dose of her medicine before retiring to rest, and also a glass of mineral water, which she prefers to plain water, or even to Apollinaris or St. Galmier water. I put all these particulars down, trivial as they may seem, because I want to be sure that I remember everything just as it occurred. For, two hours later, the countess was taken so violently ill that I thought at one time she would not live till morning. The old French doctor who is attending her was summoned in hot haste, and he remained with her for some hours. But he could in no way account for her sudden seizure. The remedies that he applied took effect after a while, and I think that she is resting easily now, though she looks like death itself as she lies back on the white pillows, her face as white as they, her eyes closed, and her long fair hair, that she took, yesterday, such pride in having prettily arranged, flowing loose over the pillows. And I cannot but remember that it was the count who brought her the strawberries that she took just before her attack came on. I have secured half a dozen that were left, and I mean to give them to our *concierge's* parrot. If the bird dies, I shall then know what to think.

June 1st.—The parrot ate up every one of the strawberries and bit my finger into the bargain. The horrid creature is perfectly well, so the strawberries were all right. The countess has revived a little from her late attack, but all the worst symptoms of her malady—nausea, thirst, a burning sensation in the stomach, etc.—have returned. Old Dr. Leclerc says that she has inflammation of the stomach. Dr. Hellstein, in Vienna, declared that it was ulceration of the stomach. Dr. Redwood, of London, was certain that it was an incipient cancer. And I have my own ideas on the subject—ideas that I am now convinced are correct. I keep a strict watch over everything that the countess takes. I make her beef-tea myself, and I go out to get fresh cream for her every morning, and both beef-tea and cream I keep locked up in the closet till she wants them. It is the same with her medicines and her mineral water. Yet she gets no better, and indeed I can see that she is growing weaker day by day.

June 5th.—I took, the other day, a portion of the medicine that the count brought home to his wife, a few weeks ago, to a chemist in Paris, to have it analyzed. Yesterday I went after it. The old man looked at me very inquisitively as he handed me back the bottle, and gave me back the paper containing the result of his investigations.

"Do you know," he asked, "that arsenic is one of the ingredients in the liquid you have brought me?"

I came very near saying I thought as much, but I controlled myself, and said, indifferently, "Indeed!"

"Yes," continued the old chemist; "so a certain degree of precaution is necessary in administering it."

"How much," I asked, "would it be safe for a person to take in the course of the day?"

"The dose ought not to exceed a teaspoonful, and two or three during twenty-four hours are as much as can be taken prudently by a person of an ordinary constitution."

Now, Madame de Viana, as I happen to know, never takes more than two teaspoonfuls daily, one on waking in the morning, and the other just before she is settled for the night. I know this to be a fact, for I always give her the stuff myself, and I keep the bottle containing it in my own room.

This is a very puzzling matter. Can it be that the poor lady is really dying from some mysterious internal malady?

June 6th.—I tried, this morning, to get a peep at the up-stairs room so frequented by the count. I had just given the countess her medicine, and a glass or two of water, and she had fallen asleep, as she now does from weakness two or three times a day. The count had gone out for a ride on horseback, and was safe not to come back for two

hours at the very least. So I armed myself with a duster, and slipped up-stairs to the room that has so tried my patience and provoked my curiosity. But the door was locked and the key had been taken away. I tried to peep through the keyhole, but could see nothing save a table with a white cloth thrown over it. Just then I heard Antonio coming up-stairs and whistling an air from "Il Trovatore." So I got out of the way as fast as possible. One thing is certain: I perceived a very powerful and peculiar odor issuing from the room while I was making my investigations at the keyhole.

June 10th.—The countess is much worse to-day. I think, poor child, she begins to despair of her own recovery. In an interval of comparative ease, she sent her maid to bring her jewel-box, and spent some little time in tying up various trinkets in little parcels, each of which she marked with the name of some one of her young friends or schoolfellows. I could scarcely help crying when she turned to me and put a pretty brooch in my hand, saying, in her soft, low tones: "I hope, Sarah, that you will sometimes wear that in remembrance of me. You have been very good and patient with me, and you always take so much trouble with me." Then she selected a pair of beautiful solitary pearl earrings, and put them in a little box: "These I want Carlo to have mounted as shirt-studs when—I mean some day." Just then she became very faint from her exertions, and the jewels were taken away.

June 11th.—I have done a very daring deed to-day—I have begged the countess to send for another physician. Long ago, when I was in Paris, I heard a good deal about an American doctor, one Dr. Warner, who, it is said, possesses a peculiar insight into the nature and origin of all sorts of obscure maladies. I see by this morning's *Galignani* that he is now in Paris. So I told the countess that he is within reach. And, affecting a confidence that I scarcely felt, I said, "Dear madame, if one can only find out what really is the matter with you, I think the question of your recovery would speedily be settled."

"I am so tired of doctors and physic, Sarah," she said, with a wan smile, "that it seems to me impossible to try any more."

But I coaxed her and persuaded her, and finally she said that "she would ask Carlo." I wonder if he will consent?

Three o'clock.—He has consented, and Antonio has gone off with the carriage, to fetch Dr. Warner.

June 12th.—The mystery is solved! Lord, what a fool I have been!—what fools we have all been, for the matter of that!

It was early in the evening when the doctor arrived, and he went straight to the invalid's bedroom. There he subjected her to a thorough investigation—her pulse, her tongue, her general symptoms, etc.—though so gently and kindly, that he neither worried nor wearied her. And then, after a few pleasant, reassuring words, he went down-stairs, followed by the count, and both gentlemen went into the drawing-room and closed the door. But they did not get ahead of me that way. I quietly slipped round by the balcony to the little sitting-room beyond the parlor, and ensconced myself behind the curtains. For I had made up my mind to know what the American doctor thought of the case, even if I lost my situation through my curiosity.

The first words that were spoken fairly made me start, so fully did they justify my suspicions. For Dr. Warner, without preface or circumlocution, quietly remarked, "Your wife, count, is dying from repeated doses of arsenic."

"Arsenic?" cried the count. "What! is anybody trying to poison her? Do you suspect any one, doctor?"

"I do not say that anybody is trying to poison her. Only she has been taking arsenic for some time past in dangerous quantities. Now, where does she get it?"

"Do you imagine, doctor, that I have been administering it?" began the count, hotly, but Dr. Warner checked him with a decisive gesture.

"I repeat that I accuse nobody, and I suspect nobody; but Madame de Viana has been nearly killed by arsenic in some shape or other, and it is my duty to find out where it comes from. Did you bring with you the prescriptions for the medicines she has been taking?"

The count produced from his pocketbook some half a dozen prescriptions, which the doctor spread out upon the table before him, minutely scrutinizing them one by one. Finally he selected one, and passing it to the count, asked, "How long has Madame de Viana been taking this potion?"

"At intervals for over a year. It was prescribed to her to relieve her from an eruption which had made its appearance on her forehead."

"And has she ever been in the habit of drinking mineral waters—those from the springs of La Bourboule, for instance?"

"Yes; we spent six weeks at that watering-place last summer, and the waters did my wife so much good that she has been drinking them constantly ever since."

Dr. Warner rose to his feet, looking absolutely radiant.

"The secret of your wife's illness is discovered, count, and I answer for her speedy and perfect restoration to health."

"And what in the world has ailed her? What has been the source of the mysterious malady which, for months past, has baffled the science of the first physicians of Europe?"

"Nothing could have been more simple. The countess was ordered a medicine containing a certain proportion of arsenic. Then she was directed to take the waters of La Bourboule, which are heavily charged with the same mineral, and from which indeed they derive the chief part of their curative properties. Instead of leaving off the medicine while she was taking the waters, or vice versa, she has continued to use both. She

has therefore been taking double doses of the poison, and has nearly succeeded in killing herself."

"But is it too late? Oh, doctor, are you certain you can save her?"

"Come, come," said the doctor, patting the count paternally on the shoulder, "there is no cause for alarm or agitation. Madame de Viana is a very sick woman, but I'll answer for her recovery in a very short space of time if only she will leave off taking Dr. Leclerc's medicine and the waters of La Bourboule as well. But you must see that the treatment I shall order is followed out in the minutest particular, as very careful management will be necessary to obviate the effects of these repeated doses of poison. Where is that nurse who takes charge of the patient? Call her—I must give her my directions myself."

I got out of my hiding-place unobserved, and indeed there was no need of my having played the listener in such a discreditable fashion, for the doctor told me all about the case, and gave me endless rules for the diet and management of the invalid. So I was right, after all. She was dying from poison, only nobody gave it to her—she was taking it herself. I must confess, though, that I am ashamed of my suspicions about the count. But why did he lock himself in, in that room up-stairs, and stay there for long hours at a time, if there was nothing up there that he wanted to conceal?

June 25th.—I think I shall burn my diary, after all, for the secret of the locked room was revealed to-day, and I feel more guilty than ever.

It is Madame de Viana's birthday, and her husband has given her such an exquisite present—a folding screen, painted with figures of the Seasons on a gold ground. He painted it himself, being a very accomplished artist, and as he intended it for a birthday surprise, he would allow no one to see it.

"Ah, Nellie," he said, after listening to her admiration and enthusiastic praises of his gift for a while, "when I thought that I was going to lose you, I used to shut myself up and work very, very hard to persuade myself that my present would one day be offered, after all. And you see I was right, for here you are getting well as fast as possible. But do you perceive any disagreeable odor about the screen? I tried a new varnish that was recommended to me for the last leaf I finished, and it was just dreadful—the smell of it was almost enough to poison me. That day I had to give up my painting and go out into the open air for over two hours, to get rid of the headache that horrid smell gave me."

July 16th.—The count and countess start for Lucerne this evening. The latter is so nearly well that she no longer needs my services. My engagement is at an end. So I am just closing up my diary before packing it away with all the presents that Madame de Viana has lavished upon me. I wonder if I had not better burn it? But, on second thoughts I decide to keep it, after all. I was very foolish, and made a great mistake, it is true, about the count. But I may not always be mistaken, and if ever I do happen upon a real tragedy, it will be interesting to compare that experience with the one that is just past.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN
ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. JULES GROS; AND "INDEPENDENT GUIANA."

The tract of land which lies between Brazil and French Guiana, and which was a *no-man's land*, has recently been declared by its inhabitants an independent country. The Republic of Counani, or "Independent Guiana," as it is called, is 24,000 miles in extent, the coast line is 187 miles long, and the population is seven hundred persons, one-half of whom dwell at Counani, the capital, in thirty-five houses. The bulk of these are descendants of maroons, or slave refugees, from Brazil; but according to M. Boisset, the agent of the new-fledged republic in France, their sympathies are entirely French. In 1883 they begged to be annexed by France, but the French Government declined, in observance of a treaty entered into with Brazil in 1841, which declared Counani neutral soil. Repulsed, but not baffled, the natives unanimously set up a republic, and chose for President M. Jules Gros, Secretary of the Geographical Society, journalist and traveler. Straightway M. Gros, who lives at Vanves, near Paris, founds an official journal, and an Order of chivalry, which he lavishly bestows upon all his friends. He communicates decrees to the Paris papers and forms his civil household, and *Figaro* announces that President Gros and his administrative staff, with an escort of 150 persons, will start for Guiana on October 14th. Meanwhile, the two Governments having taken the matter in hand, the *Journal Officiel* announces that neither the Government of the French Republic nor that of the Empire of Brazil can authorize the establishment of the so-called "République Counanienne." And so apparently ends an adventure which might have ended in giving France a new free colony in South America.

PAMPA WAGONS AT BUENOS AYRES.

The great commercial City of Buenos Ayres, the New York of the Argentine Republic, has been so rapidly modernized and developed, that the heavy, covered, oxen-drawn wagons of the pampas seem an anachronism. These vehicles, of a pattern about three centuries old, have, indeed, for the most part given way to the railroads, or at least effected a compromise with them. Those which bring their loads of hides and wool, or of grain, to the city, from any great distance, are now in the habit of proceeding to the nearest railway station, where the wagon is taken bodily off its wheels, and sent by rail on trucks specially furnished by the railway company.

PRINCE CH'UN OF CHINA.

When the late Emperor T'ungchi of China died suddenly, he had not fulfilled the Imperial duty of naming a successor, which he should have done from a younger generation than his own. Accordingly, a Council of Regency—consisting of the Empress Dowager, the widow of the Emperor Hienfung (the predecessor of T'ungchi), and Prince Ch'un, his brother—nominated the

infant son of Prince Ch'un to the vacant throne. For several years past, therefore, Prince Ch'un has been the most powerful man in the Chinese Empire, for, apart from being the Emperor's father, he is the Prime Minister of the Empire, Lord High Admiral of China, and holds several other exalted positions. Prince Ch'un, considering the manner in which China has advanced in many important ways during the past few years, is undoubtedly a remarkable man, and the fact that the present Emperor has been under his tutelage speaks hopefully for the future of China and its relations with the Western World.

THE FRENCH MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

We give two additional pictures from sketches made by French artists during the mobilization experiment of September 1st-16th. As the details of these manœuvres are received, the first enthusiastic reports of their complete success are confirmed. At the same time, the real, practical objects of the mobilization were not lost sight of, and the official report mercilessly criticises the staff, and especially the commissariat. General Ferron, Minister of War, has ordered a minute inquiry into the conduct of the branches of the service criticised. General Baird and Colonel Hasbrouck, who witnessed the manœuvres as representatives of the United States Government, report that the experiment showed that the French troops were well drilled, though there was scarcely an opportunity to show what they really could do in case of war. Both of the American representatives were treated in the most hospitable manner.

CORN IS KING.

GRAND HARVEST JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

IN view of the good crops and general prosperity of the section, Sioux City, Iowa, has this week a novel celebration—a grand harvest jubilee festival—which has attracted wide attention. The central and commanding feature of the festival is a building 100 by 200 feet, and 100 feet to top of dome, which is known as a Corn Palace. The trimmings are all of products of the soil, so arranged as to be particularly attractive. The centre dome has such a blending of grasses and cereals that it is decidedly novel and pretty. Beneath this dome is an allegorical picture of Harvest, with Ceres, the goddess of grain and harvest among the Greeks and Romans, standing with cornucopie of produce, and from these horns of plenty the golden products of the Northwest are being showered forth. An elaborate figure of Mondamin, the god of corn, also forms one of the exterior attractions of the palace. The roof of the structure is thatched with corn. The pinnacles of the towers are made from different kinds of grain artistically formed and blended. The balconies are made of small grain in bundles, and arranged fan-like and in other artistic forms. The arches are covered with corn in the ear. The decorations give the large structure an unique appearance, and are very attractive. It is probably the first Corn Palace ever erected. We give an illustration of this novel structure, and of a street scene in Sioux City during the progress of the festival.

HOW MADAME RISTORI BECAME A TRAGÉDIENNE.

THE long-expected memoirs of Italy's supremest actress, Adelaide Ristori, have just appeared simultaneously at Milan and Paris. As a taste of a book which "all the world" will read with interest, we detach a page or two, descriptive of the earliest steps of her splendid artistic career.

"My father and mother," she says, "were worthy people, but very mediocre comedians. They, therefore, found it quite natural to 'dedicate me to art,' and, as if Heaven had desired to meet their wishes, they had the means of accustoming me, from my birth, to life on the boards. Before I was three months old, I made my 'first appearance.'"

"They were, at that time, playing with great success a piece in one act, entitled 'The New Year's Day Present.' A young girl is in love with a young man; the father will not consent to the union; the pair are secretly married; all goes on happily with them, and they have a baby. As she has not courage to confess her fault to her father, she takes advantage of the New Year's Day custom to send the child, in a basket of flowers, to its grandfather. The grandfather relents, and the piece is played. Obviously it did not dazzle by complications of plot. Well!—for my *début*, I missed my entry; I did hear my cue, and set to squalling lustily. The actors were obliged to hurry on the conclusion; the two lovers had to throw themselves upon their knees with art, the public withered with laughter, and my shrill cries did great wrong to my comrades. I was carried to my mother, who gave me—what I had so noisily demanded. The next day my part was taken away from me; and I must avow to my shame that I was more advantageously replaced by a superb pasteboard doll.

"I made my second *début* at three years of age. It was in a drama of the Middle Ages by the avocat Avilioni, and entitled 'Bianca e Fernando.' It set forth the sorrowful story of a good châtelaine whose husband had died in one of the Crusades. She loved a handsome knight, but a friend of the husband kept watch over her, and carried off the little girl of the good châtelaine. I was the little girl.

"It appears that at that time I did not yet comprehend naturalistic art, for on the evening of the play's production, when the wicked knight wanted to carry me away with him, I seized hold of him by his red wig and set to work furiously scratching his face. When he made a fresh attempt at abduction, I ran off towards the side-scenes, and in spite of the efforts of pages in pearl-gray hose who guarded the door, I disappeared, crying, 'Mamma! mamma!—he has hurt me!' So my second *début* was no happier than my first.

"At four-and-a-half years old, I was set to play a small part in a small vaudeville, and I can avow—without any exaggeration—that I had an enormous success. The manager took advantage of it. I remember that, in those days, the prompter, at the conclusion of each performance, announced the programme for the next day and the distribution of the parts. The public applauded or hissed—audiences then hissed in Italy—the names of the actors. And when the prompter announced that little Ristori would play a part, the applause was hearty. I even recollect one day saying to my colleagues: 'Will they never let me alone!—how tiresome it is to be always in the bill!'

"I was already a comedienne!"

"At ten years of age servants' parts were confided to me. I had to fetch and carry letters, which wounded my *amour propre* as an artist! I

have never had to go through so many rehearsals as at that period. The manager never finished teaching me to be natural, and as that compelled me to walk upon the tips of my toes, it was not an easy thing to do.

"When I was twelve years old, the manager Moncalvo engaged me to play children's parts. But as I was well-grown for my age, *ingenue* parts were soon given me; nay, even those of *jeunes premières*. It was a monstrosity, but in the smaller companies things were not so closely looked at in those days.

"At fourteen I had the courage to tackle tragedy! I played *Francesca*, in the 'Francesca da Rimini' of Silvio Pellico. It was at Novara, and I was so successful that the manager wished to engage me at once as his leading actress. My father refused, and signed for me an engagement in the Theatre of the King of Sardinia. I was to play the parts of *ingénues*. The Royal Company, which performed through the Winter at Turin, was managed by Gaetano Razzi. It counted amongst its members Vestri, Righetti, La Marchioni, La Romagnoli, artists who were then as celebrated in Italy as Pasta, Malibran, Rubini and Tamburini.

"I was to have *ingénues*, but at the end of a year the parts of sentimental *jeunes premières* were confided to me. Three years later, in 1840, I signed an engagement for five years. I was a heroine!

"And that is how I became a tragédienne."

WEARING OTHER PEOPLE'S SKIN.

A CURIOUS case of skin-grafting is reported in the San Francisco *Examiner*: "On the 13th of last May, Peter McIntyre, who possessed a local reputation as a sprinter, was severely burned in a fire. The burns on his feet healed rapidly enough, but the flesh on his shoulder and arms was so scorched that the ordinary process of nature was insufficient to restore it to its former condition. It was determined by the physicians to graft skin taken from other people on the exposed surface, and thus hasten the cure. Six weeks ago the operation was begun, and since then over 160 pieces of skin have been fastened on the raw parts. It will be several weeks before the last graft shall have been attached and the bandages removed. All the skin was taken from the friends of McIntyre, who willingly contributed the required portions of their cuticle. Each graft was a small circular piece about an eighth of an inch in diameter. It was taken from the arm. Each subject rolled up his sleeve in McIntyre's room, and the surgeon raised the skin with a fine pair of forceps, and with circular scissors he clipped the skin off, leaving a round red mark on the arm, and immediately placed the graft on the patient's wound. These grafts have been taken from about forty men. Usually four were supplied by each, but some of the sick man's friends have more than that number of pink marks on their left arm.

"The grafts were planted about an inch apart, as each little piece grows about that distance over the flesh and unites with the other skin that it meets. It is transferred immediately from one body to another, as the tissue must be imbued with vitality when placed on the raw flesh, and it would lose all life in a short while. The foreign character of the skin may be detected after the healing process is over, as it does not change its particular hue, and is also devoid of hair and sweat-glands. Its advantage is great, inasmuch as when such burns cicatrize the muscles are drawn up, and not only is movement restrained, but deformity follows. The grafted skin is elastic and obviates all such unpleasant results.

"Instances of the grafting of many pieces of skin, as in this case, have not been common here. The process itself is comparatively new, having been discovered in 1859 by Riverden, a Parisian surgeon. He noticed little islets of skin growing on raw surfaces, found that they proceeded from little germs of skin that had not been destroyed, and concluded that transplanted skin would thrive in the same manner. It had previously been supposed that it would take a covering of cuticle as large as the wound or sore itself to make a successful grafting, and such large areas of skin could not be obtained. Since then the various kinds of skin—the tissue of chickens, frogs, young pigs and other animals—have been experimented with, but for successful transplanting human skin has been found necessary."

A CHINESE WATERING-PLACE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Democrat* thus describes Chefoo, a Chinese watering-place: "Chefoo lies on the north side of the promontory of Shantung, that juts out between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pechelo, and it has nearly the same latitude as Cape May. The Chinese town of Chefoo, which originally gave the name to the port, is on an island opposite the present foreign settlement, miles enough away across clear salt water for none of its ancient odors to reach one. A bold, rocky point, with residences perched all over its breezy top, stands out from the low shore, and the town lies back of it and stretches off along the level ground at either side. On one side of the headland is the harbor, full of junks and steamers, the landing-piers, the Custom-house and the business streets. On the other is a long, curving beach of yellow sand with a lazy surf pounding away in lines of foam, and cottages and hotels strung at intervals for two miles. Back of this water fringe of habitations there are long barren slopes running up into quite a mountain range.

Nothing could be more unlike an American watering-place than this resort of North China, that is sometimes called the Brighton and sometimes the Long Branch of China. Both of those places would hold their sides at the absurdity of the comparison, as the only point in common is the salt water rolling on a sandy beach. The dozen of hotels are small, and it is comforting to American pride here, where everything is so absolutely and tyrannically English, that the best appointed and best managed hotel should be kept by an American woman, who has a United States flag of glorious proportions flying from a tall flag-staff in her courtyard. The salt-water bathing goes on in the most proper and decorous British way; women in modest bathing-suits that cover them down to their ankles and over their knuckles, slip into the water from their bath-houses at one part of the beach, and men in—we are not supposed to know what sort of bathing-suits, if any—splash away in their own reserved portion of the beach at a different hour. Thus the everlasting British proprieties are respected and preserved.

"There are no piazza concerts, no board walk, no ocean drive and no Casino for beauty and fashion to disport itself and show its good clothes, and from the point of view of an American water-

ing-place, one might say that there was no dressing at Chefoo. There are no roads to drive on, no carriages to drive in and no saddle-horses to be hired in Chefoo, so that by sedan-chairs or on foot is the only way of getting about. All life is concentrated in the string of hotels and cottages along the beach. Boating, of course, comes in for a great share of attention, and regattas are frequent events. There is always a foreign man-of-war or two in harbor, and the Chinese have a large arsenal and naval station at Weihai Bay, about forty miles below."

HORSES OF CHALK.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND writes to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*: "As I was riding along in the vicinity of Salisbury, going towards Bath, I looked out of the window of the car, and concluded that I had gone stark mad. There stood up in the air, not more than two miles from me, an enormous white horse, hundreds of feet above the earth as it appeared. I took hold of an utter stranger at my side, and said: 'What is that?' 'That,' said he, 'is the white horse of Bratton. They say it was made to commemorate King Alfred's victory over the Danes.' On looking this subject up, I found that this beautiful horse had been created at some unknown time in the past, by taking the sod off the chalk beneath it so that a completely finished horse is leveled, a hundred and seventy-five feet long, one hundred and seven feet high at the shoulder, and the eye twenty-five feet in circumference. There are seven such horses in this part of England, where the ground is all chalk. One of them is the Cherhill white horse, cut in 1780 by a physician who was intimate with Dr. Priestley in the town of Calne. He put it in a trotting attitude, and made it one hundred and fifty-seven feet high and fifty-seven feet long. It can be seen for thirty miles. It was probably this horse that I saw, instead of that of Bratton. Not many years ago a very ordinary man who had seen these other horses, a private soldier, resolved to make a colossal figure of George III., that also stands on the south coast of England, and was done with much skill, since, being on an inclined surface, it had to be drawn with reference to a very distant eye. Perhaps the old nursery rhyme we are familiar with, of

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury cross
To see an old woman get on a white horse,"

bears reference to one of these figures, for there is such an one in the vicinity of Banbury."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is stated that sound and excellent brass castings will result if powdered glass be stirred into melted brass when in the crucibles. The glass flux collects all impurities, which rise to the top and can be skimmed off, impurities which otherwise would be poured into the mold with the metal.

It has been ascertained that the horse power required to run a machine shop in which 700 men were employed was 135.05, of which 66.81-horse power was required to run the shafting, blowers and such things as were not machine tools, leaving 68.24-horse power to run the machine tools, or a trifle less than 1-horse power for ten men.

DR. BLACHE states in the *Bulletin Thérapeutique* that in chronic and simple bronchitis petroleum in doses of a teaspoonful before meals produces satisfactory results. In phthisis the experiments have not yet been long enough continued to ascertain whether the results are permanently beneficial, but it diminishes the expectoration, which also loses its purulent character.

The classification of the fishes found in the Sea of Galilee has led to the strange discovery that these fishes do not belong to the Mediterranean system, but are peculiar, and belong to the fish system of the great inland lakes of Africa—Tanganyika, Nyassa, and the neighboring waters. A writer draws the inference that untold ages ago the Jordan Valley was filled by a lake which was joined to the Red Sea, then a fresh-water lake, which in turn was in direct communication with the great lake system of Central Africa.

THE new French incombustible lace is quite a novelty, and the composition by which this result is achieved is equally adapted, it seems, to rendering wool and paper unflammable. It is a mixture of 80 parts pure sulphate of ammonia, 25 parts carbonate of ammonia, 30 parts boracic acid, 17 parts pure borax, 20 parts starch and 1,000 parts distilled or pure water. These ingredients are most thoroughly combined; the materials are dipped in this solution while hot, so as to be completely impregnated, after which they are dried and ironed as ordinary starch fabrics.

A ST. LOUIS man has invented an automatic grain scale. It consists of a box with inclined partitions placed on an ordinary scale. Within this box is a revolving pan supported on a rocking lever. Attached to the lever is an upright upon which rests a vibrating valve for the purpose of cutting off the main flow of grain. Extending down from this valve is a rod that disturbs the equilibrium of the grain when the pan is full and causes it to discharge itself. The grain pours through the main opening until the pan contains almost the required weight; then the level on which the pan rests rocks and partially cuts off the flow. The grain now runs in a very small stream until the weight is completed, when the box descends and the scale beam rises, breaking the electric circuit, which, acting on the electromagnet, causes the supplemental valve to cut off the grain completely.

"INDUSTRIES" says M. Gerboz has devised an apparatus by which an audible and visible signal is given to the engine-driver if any part of the machinery to which the apparatus is fitted should become unduly hot. In its simplest form, as applied to the crank-pin of a steam-engine, the device consists of a small cylinder fastened to and projecting from the crank-pin, and containing a plug of easily fusible alloy, which is pressed against the end of the crank-pin by a perforated piston and spring. The piston-rod controls by means of a lever a catch belonging to the mechanism of a bell placed over the apparatus. The gear of the bell, which is actuated by spring power, is previously wound up by hand and locked by the catch. If the crank-pin should heat, the fusible plug melts, thus allowing the piston to descend, thereby releasing the catch and sounding the bell. In addition to this audible signal, a disk hidden underneath the bell is turned in such a position that a bright color is seen through two holes in the disk of the bell.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) last week sustained a stroke of general paralysis.

THE health of the poet Swinburne is failing, and he is living a quiet and uneventful life.

GOVERNOR HILL has declined Henry George's challenge to debate, on a public platform, without gloves.

ALDERMAN POLYDOR DE KEYSER, a Roman Catholic, was last week elected Lord Mayor of London.

THE continued ill health of Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, causes much uneasiness among his friends.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, of Vermont, is suffering from malaria, and will not go to Washington until cold weather has set in.

MISS PHOEBE W. COUZINS was last week installed in the office of United States Marshal at St. Louis. She is the first woman in the United States to occupy this position.

THE Chicago Anarchist Oscar Neebe, who was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, was last week removed to the prison at Joliet, Ill., and assigned to work in the harness shop.

MR. JAMES J. BELDEN has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Twenty-fifth District of New York to fill the vacancy created by the election of Frank Hiscock to the Senate.

UP at Augusta (Me.) there is a fancy among politicians for a white pasteboard card on which is inscribed in large black characters: "Blaine, 1888." It is worn inside the hat, tucked in behind the sweat-band.

SIGNORINA TERESINA TUA, the Italian child of genius, who has developed into an exquisitely beautiful young woman, gives her first violin concert in this country at Chickering Hall, on the evening of October 17th.

DR. MCGLYNN's fiftieth birthday was celebrated on Tuesday evening of last week by a social reception at the Madison Square Garden, tendered the unfrocked priest by his numerous friends and followers of the United Labor party.

MAJOR-GENERAL BAIRD, United States Army, who has been attending the French mobilization manœuvres on behalf of the War Department at Washington, has been decorated with the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

HETTY GREEN is credited with being the largest capitalist of her sex in the United States. Her wealth would possibly foot up from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000. She inherited \$13,000,000, married \$1,000,000, and has made the rest by shrewd financing.

DR. SNOONCK HUBRONJE, a Dutch adventurer, has not only visited Mecca, but staid in the Holy City six months, remaining there after the pilgrims had left. He traveled on foot as a Mohammedan Effendi, and would have escaped detection but for the indiscretion of the French Vice-consul at Jeddah.

THE veteran Charles Mackay has a letter in the London *Academy* complaining that if there had been an international copyright he would have received £4,500 royalties on his song "Baby Mine" in America, instead of nothing. As if this were not bad enough, he now sees that its authorship is ascribed to an American poet, which truly grieves him.

DR. ZACHER, of Berlin, who is 37a Government Councilor in Germany, although he is only thirty-three years old, is now in this country for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the various labor and socialistic organizations, the causes which produced them, the province and aim of each, the numerical strength and financial resources of the several Orders, the labor legislation of the States and Federal Government, etc.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, who reached home last week from his European tour, says that Mr. Blaine is not doing, and will not do, anything to secure the Presidential nomination. Referring to the rumors connecting his own name with that nomination, Mr. Depew says he "has never had an aspiration in that direction. I am entirely satisfied," he adds, "with the Presidencies which I have held, and with the results already obtained, both of profit and pleasure."

SARDON's new play, in which Sarah Bernhardt will appear at the Porte Saint-Martin, is not to be called "Deborah," as was first reported, but "La Tosca," the name of a famous Italian *cantatrice* who flourished early in this century. The action passes at Rome, in 1800, just after the battle of Marengo. Ernest Daudet, brother of the great novelist, gets himself a good advertisement by announcing that he has in his portfolio an unacted play, written four years ago, which is identical in subject with Sardou's.

A YOUNG man named Witherspoon, a resident of Birmingham, Conn., claims to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. He has invented a machine which will, he says, run until the materials of which it is composed have worn out. It needs no fuel, water, gas, or electric batteries, though he does not deny that electricity is the motive power; but it is obtained by natural means, and not by the aid of acids or chemicals. The power can be applied to the propulsion of machinery, engines, steamboats—in short, anything which requires steam. Patents on the invention will be applied for in this and foreign countries.

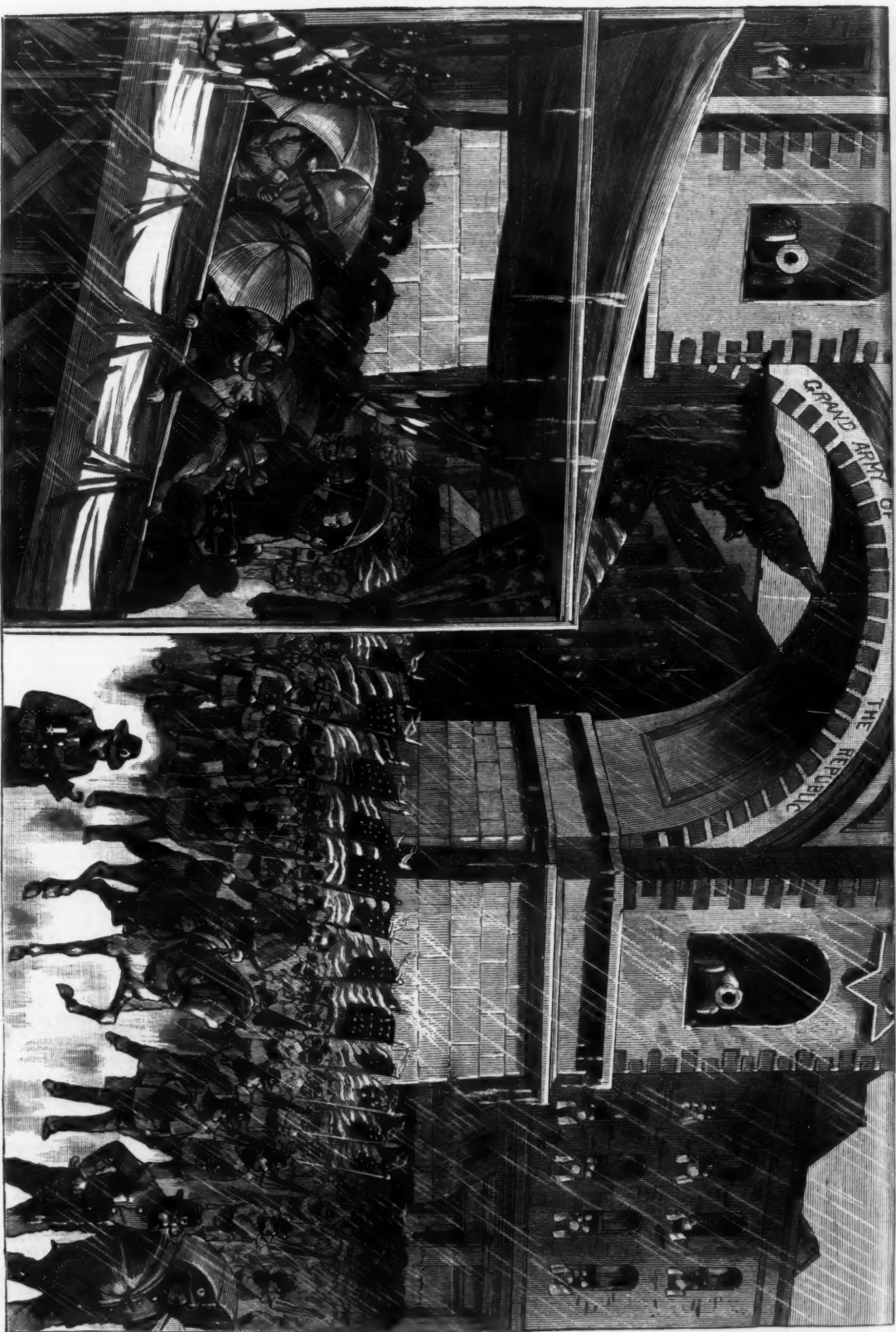
THE Philadelphia papers announce the engagement of Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, and Miss Edith A. Hornor, a resident of that city. Miss Hornor is of Quaker and Huguenot ancestry, and belongs to a well-known "county family" of Halstead, Essex, England. She is said to be about thirty-five or thirty-six years old. Ten or eleven years ago she qualified herself for the duties of a hospital nurse, and becoming associated with a most admirable woman, Miss Fisher, some years her senior, they had in charge successively the hospitals of Oxford, Cambridge and other places in England. Upon the breaking out of the Zulu war, Miss Hornor went to South Africa and took charge of her department in hospitals at the front, receiving the usual service medal, and from the Queen the decoration of the Red Cross. About three years ago she was induced to come to this country with Miss Fisher and take charge of the work of reforming the City Hospital in Philadelphia, where they have since had control of the nurses of more than 1,200 patients, and have also a training-school of sixty or seventy young women. General Hawley met Miss Hornor for the first time during the past Summer, while crossing to England on the same steamer.



COL. LOUIS GRUND, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.



CAPTAIN J. H. STEGER, SECRETARY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.



REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC BY GENERAL FAIRCHILD, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



COLONEL THOMAS B. RODGERS, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI.



GEN. D. C. COLEMAN, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.



MAJOR-GENERAL A. J. SMITH.



COL. G. PETERSON, COMMANDER HANSON POST, NO. 131.



J. W. M'CLAUGHLIN, PRESIDENT OF FAIR ASSOCIATION.



MAJOR EUGENE F. WEIGEL, CHAIRMAN OF RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



HON. A. M. THAYER, JUDGE UNITED STATES COURT.



GEN. THOMAS C. FLETCHER, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON WAR GOVERNORS.

MISSOURI—THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, AND THE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT TO ST. LOUIS—THE REVIEW OF THE VETERANS, AND A TYPICAL TABLEAU OF THE VAILED PROPHET'S PAGEANT, WITH PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. DUNNELL AND PHOTOS BY MARTIN SCHNEIDER, TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—SEE PAGE 122.



CAPTAIN GEORGE W. BAILEY,
CHAIRMAN CAMP-FIRE COM-
MITTEE.



GEN. S. B. SIMPSON, SECRETARY
FINANCE COMMITTEE.



GEN. D. P. GRIER, CHAIRMAN
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.



W. J. KEMP, TREASURER GENERAL
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.



COLONEL GEO. D. REYNOLDS,
CHAIRMAN BADGE COMMITTEE.



FRANK GARENNE, PRESIDENT
MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.



COL. W. B. HODGES, CHAIR-
MAN PRESS COMMITTEE.



COLONEL JOHN B. GANDOLFO,
CHAIRMAN CAMP COMMITTEE.



GEN. E. E. KIMBALL, DEPART-
MENT COMMANDER, MISSOURI.



L. J. HARRIS, CHAIRMAN OF
COMMITTEE ON HOTELS.



HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow
from Varraz," "The Man
Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.—A VARIETY OF THEORIES.

THE dust from Leonard Stannard's hurrying wheels had fallen upon Thomas Girton. There are always some along the road of life upon whom the dust of the chariots of the favored and the fortunate must fall. It is all sad—very sad—unutterably sad. Only that to the plodders there is the safety of the measured pace, to the swift the danger of disaster, and to all men the hope, or the fear, of change. Besides which, the note which Dr. Thomas Girton had picked up from the earth, still warm from the sweet hand of the woman whose love had been pledged to him, contained enough for a passionate heart to feed itself upon until the dawning of a better day—or the coming of a better life.

Time went on. The days grew into weeks; the weeks grew into months. Winter was in the land, as well as in the hearts of those who so richly merited the merciful meed of Summer.

Winter, and still Mrs. Girton was the guest of Mrs. Stannard; the Mrs. Stannard who was the mother of the lawyer who had offered the shelter of his roof to a woman against whose husband the world—or some of it—had found reason for black suspicion; the Mrs. Stannard whose son had pleaded his strong friendship for the man as his weightiest motive in what he did when he spoke to the wife, while he had not hesitated to say to the husband's oldest and best friend the boastful words of hate and wickedness which he had uttered.

Winter, and Mrs. Thomas Girton and her husband had exchanged neither word nor glance. Winter, and I pity them both, while I rejoice that humanity ever knows such faith as they have in one another.

"I suppose you have a theory?"

Mrs. Stannard has been asleep in her chair for an hour. Mrs. Girton looks across the table to where Mr. Leonard Stannard sits, as she asks the question.

"A—a theory!" stammers that gentleman.

"About the events immediately preceding the death of Mrs. Walldon, and of my husband's connection with them?"

"Certainly."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"I will. I think the nurse who came in Tradd's place was known to your husband to be an impostor."

"Well."

"And that he was paid to carry young Walldon away, and so carefully conceal him that he cannot be found."

"But the letter he left? How do you explain that?"

"In this way: Your husband had no suspicion of the intention Paul Walldon had of leaving. He did not realize how fully the sick man knew him and understood his motives and intentions. The finding of the letter was the greatest shock which could have happened to Dr. Girton."

"But why was not the letter genuine? Why will you not admit that the man went away of his own accord?"

"Would it help the matter any if your theory were the true one? Were not the accusations in the letter horrible enough, without anything more?"

"Perhaps so—but—"

"But the man was too sick to go away alone. He got an opportunity to write the letter, but he could have done nothing requiring a greater effort. So, when he went, he went because it was the will of Dr. Thomas Girton; the expression of his own will, as contained in the letter, was an expression of no more than a helpless and hopeless desire."

"But, my husband would have let him go?"

"Never, if such a letter were to remain behind him."

"But, knowing his desire, and not knowing of the letter, he—"

"Mrs. Girton, a man who went away might return. A man sent away could not. Do you see the conclusion which is inevitable?"

"I see the conclusion to which your words point."

"And it is the only reasonable one."

"You do not think that my husband forged the letter?"

"What? Forged a letter the reading of which caused the death of Mrs. Walldon? No! *that would have been murder!* Morally, I mean."

"You do not think, then, that he was responsible for the unfortunate woman's death?"

"I—I—why—I—I think he was. I think the abduction of her son killed her."

"Could the nurse have forged the letter?"

"Not if he was in the employ of Dr. Girton."

"Suppose he was acting for himself?"

"I cannot. What could have been his motive?"

"I do not know."

"No; you do not know. Nor can you explain away the motive which Thomas Girton most certainly had for getting rid of him."

"What motive had my husband for getting rid of him?"

"Doesn't the letter say? Haven't we heard enough regarding the lost letter to make all that plain?"

"Possibly, if the letter is genuine."

"Genuine! Can you doubt it? Does not your own memory prove it to be genuine? Did not Paul Walldon, the boy, show you many boyish attentions?"

"Yes, but they were only boyish."

"Were they not as marked as those that you

received from Thomas Girton in those old-time days?"

"Yes."

"Well, that proves it. Girton threatened and assaulted Walldon. Paul did not dare to return. Walldon, sick and unfortunate, comes to his senses under your husband's roof, but wishes to be away from there, both for safety and because of a feeling of independence. He writes the letter, and—and—"

"Well?"

"And your husband, more anxious still to have him gone, and to have him silent, hires the nurse to—to—"

"You needn't finish it. Do you think Paul Walldon is living—now?"

"I—I—I—really I—no, I don't!"

"And you think my husband has done this because of me?"

"I do."

"And stained his hands, even in boyhood, for my sake?"

"It would seem so."

"This is a revelation to me, and—and—will you do me a great favor?"

"Certainly."

"You are a lawyer; you are so wise; you know human nature so well; and I want your opinion. You will give it?"

Oh, man, man! Beware! You may be as wicked as the serpent who had so terrible an influence over the mind and heart of the first woman who ever measured her powers against those of darkness. You may be as wicked; I doubt your being as wise. I have a very definite opinion to the effect that *this woman will outwit you!*

"I will give it," he said.

She looked him straight in the eyes. She was very grave, a little pale, and never sweeter nor more womanly. She tapped the carpet meditatively with her trimly booted foot. She was calm, cool, collected. She was in no hurry.

"Am I—"

She paused. She let him wait in suspense. She changed the form of her question.

"Do you think I am the sort of woman men sell their souls for?"

She looked level into his eyes. He grew pale. He trembled. She rose to her feet. She half turned away from him.

"I—I do think so," he answered, with sullen emphasis.

"Thank you. I thought you did. Good-night."

Mrs. Girton opened the door, and slipped out into the hall. The lawyer followed her. The lawyer's mother slept on in her chair; she needed a great deal of sleep; she always did. She would merely wake up long enough to express her satisfaction or her sorrow, as the case might be, if her son should marry this unfortunate woman—or murder her. The old lady will die one of these days, I hope; should the last day arrive before she has done with life, she will certainly sleep until the final conflagration is well under way; at the reward of the righteous, she is likely to be late. I know of only two good things about her: The fact that there is such a person, makes it possible for Mrs. Girton to live where she can conveniently watch the "mutual friend" of her husband and herself; and—she counts one when the census is taken!

The woman turned in the hall, and faced the man who had followed her. There was a fire shining in his eyes which any honest woman may well pray God she may never be called upon to see in the glance of any man.

"Speaking of theories," was the way his turbulent and riotous thoughts ran, "I have a theory that I have won at last. I think I have belittled the man whose name she bears until it no longer has any charm for her or power over her. With a fair chance, I might have won in the long-ago years when she was Minnie Dollean. I have waited long. I have been silent, discreet, patient; and it is well worth it all, well worth it all. A man might well wait longer for Minnie Dollean's love than I have, and give more, much more. Farewell, Tom Girton. I am done with you; we are done with you. It is safe to speak at last."

"Speaking of theories," was the way the words shaped themselves in the mind of the woman, "I have a theory that I have won at last. I believed, from the moment that you began your cruel questioning of my husband at the inquest over the dead body of poor Mrs. Walldon, that you hated Tom—my Tom. From the moment that you spoke to me, on that dreadful day, and advised me to leave my husband and my home, I believed I knew why. Now, I am going to know. I have talked to you, sang for you, played for you. I have smiled at you, rode with you, walked with you. I have dressed for you, flattered you, duped and deluded you. And now—your cowardly soul has found in it something which you mistake for bravery. Now—I am going to know whether or not you are the friend of Thomas Girton, or his bitterest foe. And now—I am going to make you the happiest and most harmless fool I ever knew."

They did not stand in silence long. The lawyer spoke.

"Your husband has ruined your life," he cried, "and you can never live with him again. Why keep his name, which is only a symbol of disgrace and infamy? It will be easy to get a divorce. I think your husband is too wise to resist, but it will make no difference in the result if he does. I can secure a divorce for you; I know I can. I can do it without the necessity of your appearing personally at all. My advice is—be divorced. My theory is that it is the only thing to do."

"But why—why—" Her words were scarcely more than mere gasps of breath.

"Because I love you, Minnie Girton. Because I have loved you all my life long. Because, when you came here, long, long years ago, I knew from the very first that you must be mine or I must be miserable. Because I have waited long, very long. Because I have been patient, very patient.

Because your husband, not content to be a man of honor, out of gratitude for the gift of your love, has fallen low—very low—while I have been honorable, and—"

"If I ever seek a divorce," whispered the woman, "it will be because an honorable man advises it. I am willing to say as much as that."

"Because your husband has been a criminal, while I have been honest, and—"

"If I ever obtain a divorce, it will be for the sake of an honest man," she said, and her voice was lower than before.

"Because I want you for my wife. Because I cannot think calmly of living without you. Because I have saved you from danger and disgrace, and—"

"If I ever marry again," she said, and the words were like the far, faint rustle of a breeze among the dead flowers and grasses of Summer—"if I ever marry again, I shall marry a man who has saved me."

"Which—means—oh, Minnie, Minnie, does it mean—"

"It means this: There are many doubts surrounding this whole matter. I will not wrong any man. I will not even wrong the man who has so wronged me, the—"

"The man whose name is yours? Exactly. I would not have you wrong him. I would only have you be just to him."

"And more: I will not submit to disgrace, not even to reflected disgrace. I will not have men and women point to me and say—say—anything worse than they say of me now because I am Thomas Girton's wife. You must let him alone; he must be free from harm, or danger, or annoyance, or—"

"But—but—"

"Wait! I am talking of acts, not of inquiries; I am speaking of deeds, not of knowledge. You must never injure Thomas Girton more, legally or socially, in the eyes of the law or in the eyes of his fellows."

"Why? Because you love him?"

"Is that your tense?"

"Because you loved him?"

"Because I thought I did. Because, for a time, his life and mine were one."

"What—shall—I—do?"

"Search, question, hunt! Do it silently and secretly! Bring every fact to me, with the proofs of it. And, when you have made all as clear as the sunshine of a perfect day, when I have in my possession every scrap of evidence, when you have proved my husband what he is, I will be the wife of the honorable, honest, patient, loyal man who will have saved me."

Did he doubt her? Did his cowardly soul recoil from the possible double meaning in her words, and from the veiled sarcasm which might be concealed in them? Or did he merely wish an easier form of words to remember during the long days of his labor at the task she had set for him to do? I do not know. I cannot say. I only know that he pressed question after question home.

"Do you mean that when I have proven your husband a villain you will take your freedom from him?"

"When you have silently and secretly proven it, to my entire satisfaction, yes. I will secure a divorce from him then."

"And after that?"

"After that—I will marry you!"

He tried to put his arm about her waist. She slipped away, eluding him as a shadow might have done.

He tried to kiss her. His hot breath fell like a poison-tainted blast upon her face and neck. But she escaped him. His lips did not touch hers.

"Let me kiss you," he pleaded.

"Not to-night. Wait until you have earned it."

She moved gracefully past him. She went up a stair or two, and stood looking down upon him.

"Good-night," she said, gravely and quietly; "do not forget that your future will be what you yourself make it."

"No. Good-night," he said, and turned and left her go to her room in peace.

"My theory is that my future will be a very pleasant one, and that I shall not have to wait many days for the kisses she denied me." Thus the man to himself. "My theory inclines me to the belief that I shall win, and that Leonard Stannard goes to his grave empty-handed." Thus the woman.

I, who tell the story, have a theory that Mrs. Thomas Girton, influenced by a praiseworthy desire to save an impulsive man from himself, and from the consequences of his possible rash acts, had taken from her late home a certain quaint blade of fine Italian workmanship—the very weapon with which her husband had followed John Tradd so long and so persistently one night.

I have a theory that she had recently taken to carrying it with her wherever she went, perhaps because, having somewhat overestimated her husband's impulsiveness, she had correspondingly underestimated her own—perhaps because she had a woman's fine instinct assuring her that it might some time come handy.

Having the theories I have regarding the woman and the weapon, I am glad Mr. Leonard Stannard did not kiss Mrs. Girton, because—

I have a theory that she would, with it, have spoiled this story of mine!

(To be continued.)

THE GRAND ARMY AT ST. LOUIS.

THE veterans in blue mustered bravely at St. Louis last week, determined that the twenty-first annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic should go on record as the largest in the history of the organization thus far. The citizens had made elaborate preparations for their reception and entertainment. Triumphant arches spanned the streets; bright clouds of banners by day, and dazzling vistas of illumination by night,

fluttered and blazed "Welcome!" and tents for over 25,000 were set up in the parks. Only the skies were inhospitable. The rain arrived about the same time the veterans did, and it seemed to have set in to outstay them. On Tuesday, the day set for the great parade, in which it was expected that some 50,000 Union survivors of our civil war would pass in review before the admiring and reverential gaze of their fellow-citizens, it was one steady downpour, and the demonstration was reluctantly postponed. Wednesday morning dawned gloomily, and Jupiter Pluvius still held the fort. Rain or no rain, however, the parade was bound to take place, and at an early hour marching orders were received at the various camps and headquarters. A large proportion of the veterans were physically unable to turn out, and thousands had gone home in despair. Nevertheless, there were 18,000 men in the great column which Grand Marshal Grier set in motion a little before eleven o'clock. They trudged pluckily along through the rain, armed with rubber coats and umbrellas, and the crowds cheered as enthusiastically as if the sun had been shining. First, after the mounted police, came the Grand Marshal with his Chief of Staff, General A. J. Smith, and aids, Logan Post, of St. Louis, mounted, and the Springfield (Mass.) Battalion were the special escorts to the Commander-in-Chief, General Lucius Fairchild, who followed a few yards behind, wrapped in a rubber coat, smiling and bowing to the crowds who cheered him warmly all along the route. His staff of 100 men, mounted, preceded twenty carriages, moving three abreast, in which were the War Governors and other honored guests. In the lead was one occupied by Mayor Francis and General William T. Sherman. Then followed the divisions of the Grand Army, ten in number, composed as follows:

First—Department of Missouri, Colonel Cole, Assistant Marshal.
Second—Department of Illinois, Colonel J. G. Butler, Assistant Marshal.
Third—Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Ohio, Governor Thomas C. Fletcher, Assistant Marshal.
Fourth—New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Jersey and Virginia, Colonel D. P. Dyer, Assistant Marshal.
Fifth—California, New Hampshire, Vermont, Potomac and Maryland, Major Leo Rassieur, Assistant Marshal.
Sixth—Indiana, Major Eugene F. Weigel, Assistant Marshal.
Seventh—Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, General John McNeill, Assistant Marshal.
Eighth—Kansas, Colonel John B. Gandolfo, Assistant Marshal.
Ninth—Michigan, Minnesota, Delaware, Virginia, Washington Territory and Kentucky, Colonel Chas. G. Stiffel, Assistant Marshal.
Tenth—Florida, Gulf, Dakota, Oregon, New Mexico, Montana, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Georgia, Texas, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Brigade of Naval Veterans and Sons of Veterans, Captain Henry Zeigenheim, Assistant Marshal.

Every head uncovered as the old soldiers passed under the superb Grant Arch at Fourth and Locust Streets. The old battle-flags awoke both enthusiasm and emotion. An occasional warrior carried a cane or a pole on which was dangling a chicken, leg of mutton, side of bacon, cabbage, or some other emblem of forage. As the right of the line reached its destination the troops broke ranks and hastened back to the reviewing-stand to get a glimpse of the commanders. At half-past one o'clock the Sons of Veterans brought up the rear, and the crowd made a rush for the grand stand to see and shake hands with "Uncle Billy."

During the afternoon, the business meeting of the encampment was held, General Fairchild presiding. Some interesting statistics were read from Adjutant-general Gray's report, from which it appears that the total number of members borne on the rolls at the last National Encampment was 326,499. There were reported on June 30th, 1887, in good standing, 336,562; suspended, 25,220; by delinquent reports, 10,892; total at last returns borne upon the rolls, 372,674. The amount reported expended in charity from March, 1886, to March, 1887, inclusive, is \$253,934.43.

The anticipated political battle in the business sessions of the encampment, over the Dependent Pension Bill veto, was decided without much turbulence; and a new Bill was prepared, similar in general principle to that vetoed, but with the objectionable "pauper" clause omitted—in short, a disability instead of a dependent Bill. Judge John P. Rea, of Minnesota, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Next year's encampment will be at Columbus, O.

On Thursday evening the Trades Display Association defied the wet and gloomy weather by the illumination of the hundred thousand gas-jets and numerous transparencies that decorated the route of their parade. Twenty-five gorgeous and really artistic floats, representing the leading business interests, were drawn in the column, the names of the firms alone indicating that it was a business enterprise. Six floats of martial character were added to the procession in honor of the Grand Army.

The culmination of a fortnight of festivities approaches as these lines go to the press. The great Exposition, enlivened by the music of Gilmore's Band, is in the full tide of a most successful season. On Saturday evening the President and Mrs. Cleveland arrived in the city. At the same time preparations even more elaborate than usual are making for the gorgeously unique annual carnival of the Vailed Prophet, October 4th.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES.

TUESDAY of last week was a perfect September day, and the multitudes of people who embarked upon New York's bright waters, in steamers, tugs, yachts and sailboats, to witness the first of the international yacht races between the *Thistle* and the *Volunteer*, were in high spirits. True, the breeze was light—so light that at times the prospect of making a race of it on that day looked very dubious—and a light fog lay upon the bosom of the bay. But the breeze freshened, and the fog was dispelled, and with it the doubts and fears of participants and spectators of the great race. The yachts got away off Owl's Head a little after noon, in a light southerly wind, that seemed to favor the Scotch cutter. They had scarcely got fairly off, however, when the *Thistle* erred in breaking the starboard tack with which the two had started, and when she got about again she had fallen nearly half a mile behind her rival, who was gliding warily along, getting the full benefit of the "flukes and flaws" of the wind. Out through the Narrows they sailed, leading a vast fleet that made a marine panorama of unrivaled magnificence. As the racers tacked down to the Southwest Spit, the *Volunteer* continued to increase her lead; and she gained a point at the turning of Buoy 8½, the *Thistle* having to make an extra tack to weather this point. The *Volunteer* rounded the Lightship, and was a mile on her way back when she met the *Thistle* coming up. After the latter had turned,

she gained a little, but not enough to count materially, and at 5:28:16½ o'clock the *Volunteer* crossed the line, winning by 19 minutes and 22½ seconds, corrected time. The following is the tabulated time of the race:

Name.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Volunteer.	12:34:58½	5:28:16½	4:53:18	4:53:18
Thistle.	12:33:06	5:45:59½	5:12:46½	5:12:41½

The difference in the length of the yachts was adjusted by the *Volunteer* giving the *Thistle* an allowance of 5 seconds.

Thursday was rainy, foggy—everything but windy; and though the yachts and the excursionists were on hand at the starting-point, no start was made, and the second race was postponed a day. Friday brought wet and gloomy weather, but the wind was all that could be desired. The yachts started for their contest over the outside course at 10:40, beating to windward in a 15-mile breeze, which finally increased to about 25 miles. All the world knows the result. The *Thistle* made a gallant fight of it, but she was beaten from the start, and came in 11 minutes 47 seconds behind the *Volunteer*. The official figures are as follows:

Name.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Volunteer.	10:40:50½	4:23:47	5:42:56½	5:42:56½
Thistle.	10:40:21	4:35:12	5:54:51	5:54:44

The *Volunteer* made the run of 20 miles from the outer mark to the finish in 1:57:06½ and the *Thistle* in 1:54:12. Thus the latter gained 2 minutes 54½ seconds on the former in the run before the wind. So the series ended, as last year, without the challenger winning a race, and the *America's* cup stays with us.

The signal defeat of the beautiful Scotch cutter was a blow to her owner, skipper, and friends. They were simply astounded at the way the *Volunteer* "got there"; but they acknowledge her superiority like gentlemen and sportsmen. It is interesting to observe a very general back-down on the part of the cutter advocates, of which the following, from the *London Post*, may be quoted as an example: "America's victory is complete, although the result does not discredit the Scotch challengers. The Americans have fairly shown that for the mere purpose of racing their centre-board sloop is faster than the English deep-keeled cutter. It must be remembered that the *Thistle* is only the first attempt to borrow some of the good qualities of American boats, and it is probable that the designer will prove capable of further developing his model. The fact that for three successive years the centre-board has emphatically had the best of the English keel confirms the opinion that if we mean to win we must send over a centre-board boat, but at the risk of leaving the cup in America, we hope that no one will resort to this expedient."

THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, with his wife and a small party of friends, left Washington last Friday morning in a special Pullman train which is virtually a hotel on wheels. This was the beginning of the grand tour of nearly 5,000 miles through the Western and Southern States, where the President and the first lady of the land will see some of the most interesting sights of the country, and be seen for the first time by many millions of its people.

The train, of which we give an illustration, is composed of three cars, the first two being simply a section of the extra Pullman vestibuled train, known as the New York and Chicago Limited, via the Pennsylvania Railroad. The third car, occupied exclusively by President and Mrs. Cleveland, is Mr. Pullman's private car, the *P. P. C.* It is sixty feet long, and is carried on trucks of the No. 5 type, having six 42-inch paper wheels, with four-ton elliptic springs and four equalizing springs each. Outside, the car is refinished in the standard olive and gold Pullman colors. Inside, it is everything that the skill of the artificer in wood and upholstery can produce, and is lighted by electricity. We may add that the President pays the regular fares for himself and his party, together with a round sum for the special train, parlor and sleeping car service, kitchen, and all the luxuries of modern perfected railroading, just as a private citizen of luxurious tastes might do. Mrs. Cleveland was the only lady in the party at the start, Mrs. Lamont having given up her original intention of going. The others who left Washington were the President's old friend, Mr. Bissell, of Buffalo; Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York City, and Colonel Lamont.

The train passed through Baltimore at 11:10 A.M., York at 1:15 P.M., and Harrisburg at about 2 o'clock. At all of these places, and many smaller stations along the line, the people turned out and extemporized a little reception, which the President acknowledged from the car platform en passant. It was after dusk when the train approached Pittsburgh, and the travelers were treated to a very picturesque panorama of the natural gas region. At one point the train was halted and its occupants were summoned to the rear platform. A roaring sound, as of escaping steam from the pipes of an impatient ocean steamer, was heard from the hillside a hundred rods away to the left, but nothing was visible except the lights in the few scattered farmhouses of the neighborhood. Suddenly on the hillside a Roman candle was discharged towards the point whence the roaring came, and soon a flame ten feet broad leaped in the air to the height of a hundred feet, showing the nearer hillsides in a weird fashion, and more dimly bringing out the ghosts of those behind. Again from over the hilltop to the right leaped another great flame, and these hissed and roared together until the train started and moved out of sight. The entertainment was prepared by the Manager of the United Pipe Lines, and formed one of the most interesting episodes of the journey.

On Saturday evening Mayor Francis and the citizens of St. Louis welcomed the Presidential party upon their safe arrival at the end of the first stage of their journey, where a long and brilliant programme of festivities, including a grand parade on Monday evening, had been arranged for their entertainment during their three days' sojourn.

THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY ENCAMPMENT.

THE first International Military Encampment in the history of nations opened at Chicago, October 3d, and will continue for twenty days. It will consist of battalion, regimental and company drills for cavalry and infantry, dress parades, mounted military contests, zouave and cadet parades, cavalry competitions, camp life and guard

mounds. There will be concerts by 1,000 musicians, comprising selected military bands under the direction of Captain D. S. McCosh and Professor C. M. Currier. The director will use electricity to time the battery of artillery, Gatlings, anvils and rifles. The sham battles on the 5th, 8th and 11th will be a leading feature, participated in by 12,000 troops, and so arranged as to present a picturesque scene of men falling dead, the wounded carried off by ambulances, wagon trains and masters, prisoners, stragglers, etc. James Pain & Son, of London, will give seventy pyrotechnic productions, one representing Niagara Falls. The camp is named after General Sheridan. The President of the affair is General John L. Beveridge, ex-Governor of Illinois, and late Sub-Treasurer of the United States at Chicago. The commander of the camp is Colonel H. M. Black, commanding the Twenty-third Infantry, at Fort Wayne, Mich., the ablest drill-master of the country.

President Cleveland will review the troops on the encampment grounds during his visit to Chicago. The Secretary of War has directed a full representation to be present from the Regular Army of the United States; cavalry and artillery, with horses, and a full battalion of infantry. The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the man-of-war *Michigan* to report at Chicago this week; a detachment of United States marines, and the famous Marine Band, of Washington, are expected. Representatives from the National Guard—infantry, cavalry, artillery, machine-guns, zouaves and cadets—will come from all parts of the United States. A company of Laguna Indian cavalry, and a company of native Mexican cavalry, from Las Cruces, with horses, will take part; both are exceedingly expert in drill by bugle, and entirely novel and interesting. A large representation of troops from foreign countries is already assured. The musical organizations will be the largest ever assembled. Bands, drum and fife corps, aggregating eight hundred members, have already formally entered, which number will be increased to one thousand. The prizes for competitive drills, band and drum corps contests and target practice, aggregating \$42,200, are the largest yet offered.

Among the officers in command of the Swedish troops is Colonel Leechok, who distinguished himself in the battle of Solferino. Major Gyllenram, another officer, was aid to King Charles XV., and later a distinguished officer in the Grecian Army. Colonel Dusat, from Belgium, is aid-de-camp general to General von der Smitten, commander of one of the two divisions of the Belgian Army.

MR. CORNELIUS N. BLISS.

THE selection of Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, of this city, as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York, has given great satisfaction to all elements of the party throughout the State. Mr. Bliss's high character as a business man, and his independence of all factional influences, are believed to afford a perfect guarantee that the campaign will be managed on a clean and honest basis, and that, so far as lies in his power, the influence of "machine" politicians will be eliminated from control of the party policy. Mr. Bliss was born at Fall River, Mass., in 1833, and was educated at the public schools and the academy in that town. His father dying while he was an infant, his mother married Mr. E. S. Keep, who settled in New Orleans, where the son also found a home at the age of fourteen years. Here he finished his education at the High School, and, after spending a few months in his stepfather's counting-room, went to Boston, entering the service of James M. Beebe & Co., then the principal drygoods jobbing house of the country. In 1864 he became a partner in the firm, with which he remained until he joined the commission house of J. S. & E. Wright & Co., and removed to New York. This firm was succeeded, upon the death of its senior member, by that of Wright, Bliss & Fabian, drygoods merchants, the latter becoming, in 1881, Bliss, Fabian & Co., which is still the name of the house, in Boston, and Duane and Thomas Streets, New York. Mr. Bliss has ranked for years among the most upright, enterprising and successful merchants of the metropolis; he has been a liberal supporter of all charitable and other enterprises looking to the amelioration of the hard condition of the unfortunate; and he has never neglected, as too many do, those important duties which attach to and are a part of good citizenship under a popular form of government. While not a violent partisan, he has pronounced convictions, which he intelligently maintains; and in the position to which he has just been chosen he will no doubt make the highest good of the State, as he understands it, the supreme object of all his efforts.

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN BARTLETT PEAR-TREES.

ALLEN PUTNAM writes to the editor of the *Boston Transcript* the following interesting letter: "In a recent issue of your paper, a statement was made that the Little Sisters of the Poor would exhibit at the fair in Mechanics' Building pears from the original Bartlett pear-tree, standing on grounds now owned by the Sisters."

"The statement in your article is that 'all the Bartlett pear-trees in the United States owe their origin to this tree, which is about fifty years old.' There were two pear-trees of that variety, equal in age as to growth on American soil, and both were standing and fruit-bearing only five or six years ago, and presumably are so now. One of them, the larger of the two, is on the grounds of the Sisters; the other, only a few rods distant, is not on their grounds."

"These trees are much more than fifty years old. Enoch Bartlett, from whom the pear takes its name, was my father-in-law, and I resided near to and on his grounds from 1845 to 1880; and during the first fifteen of those years was in frequent conversation with him touching all his interests there."

"The house he occupied had been built and three or four acres around it stocked with imported trees of many varieties by a Mr. Brewer, probably in the latter half of the first decade (and earlier half of the second) of the present century. Mr. Brewer was lost at sea, and his family had to part with house and lands. Mr. Bartlett obtained the property in 1820. The young trees on the grounds were just beginning to be fruitful. Soon, but I know not exactly which year, Mr. Bartlett was able to take down into State Street some pears of an unknown variety, yet of extraordinary size, beauty and promise. I am not able to name the year definitely, but think this must have been early in the twenties. I think it must be that the trees were imported at least seventy years ago."

"After Mr. Bartlett's decease I (in 1861-2) built a house on part of the grounds once his orchard, and there was my home till 1880. The top limbs of the tree now owned by the Sisters had died or were dying early in the sixties. I personally was called to hold conference with the gardener as to what to do with the tree. Conclusion was that the root and trunk, with the old limbs removed, were vital enough to put forth and sustain a new top. They have done it, and the fruit to be exhibited will have grown upon that new top. The old top of the other tree was fruitful up to the time of my removal from there in 1880."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

KARAVELOFF, one of the late Regents of Bulgaria, will shortly have to stand his trial for suspected complicity in the overthrow of Prince Alexander.

THE Alaska codfish catch this year will amount to 1,125,000, falling off about 100,000 cod from last year. The Alaska pack of salmon will be about 1,250,000 cases.

LOUIS BAYDEN, a blind man who died at Worcester, Mass., the other day, had his sense of touch so developed that he could tell the denomination of a banknote by feeling it, and in weeding a large garden he could always distinguish a young vegetable plant from a weed.

QUEEN VICTORIA has, on very good authority, frequently expressed the most earnest desire to see her great Oriental Empire, and the journey last Winter of her favorite lady-in-waiting, the dowager Marchioness of Ely, to India, is believed to have been the preliminary of the royal visit thither.

IRELAND is reported worse off for oysters than Scotland. The fine natural oyster scalps of Ireland used at one time to yield about £40,000 worth per annum. Now it is questionable if they will yield £40 worth. Cargoes of oysters are brought from France, are laid down, grow and fatten, but importers have suffered severe losses by having had oysters stolen.

THE increase in the number of public schools in the Southern States from 40,000 in 1880 to 61,583 in 1887, as shown by a recent compilation of official reports, is one of the most gratifying features in the development of that region. It indicates more accurately than anything else the extent and importance of the advance which the old slave States have made.

TWO RECENT steamers from San Francisco for China took over 40,000 barrels of flour for Yokohama and Hong Kong. These are probably the largest cargoes of flour that ever left the port by steamer. Another steamer from the same port took to Shanghai a complete set of mining machinery for developing the gold mines in North China. The mines are opened by Chinese capitalists.

THE Electrical Car Company of London are about to introduce their system of automatic propulsion on one of the metropolitan tram lines, and are to build a large electrical locomotive for drawing trains on the Underground Railway. Under their system the vehicle contains the batteries, which are charged at night and worked in the day. The cars can carry five tons at over twenty miles an hour.

A NON-SECTIONAL scheme is now on foot for the erection on the Gettysburg battlefield of a monument commemorative of American heroism. Several contributions have already been received, and the scheme is meeting with approval all over the country. Boston, New York and some Western cities have already taken action on the matter, and it looks as if the monument would be the largest on the great battlefield. Southern veterans are working earnestly in behalf of the project.

At the meeting of the Friends of the Indians at Lake Mohonk, last week, it was stated that the 4,000 Indians who still live on reservations in the State of New York are increasing in number. The popular impression that our Indians are dying out seems to be incorrect so far as it relates to Indians who have abandoned migratory life and become partly or wholly civilized. The Cherokees of the Indian Territory have nearly doubled in number since 1810, and the remnant of the Six Nations, now settled on farms in Canada, numbers 8,000 souls.

ONE of the little Archduchesses of Austria was taken to a circus, where nothing amazed her and very little pleased her. On her return home the Emperor asked her how she had enjoyed the performance. "Oh, very well," the young lady replied, "only mamma does everything the circus women did, a great deal better." It appears that this is really true, and that the Empress, whose reputation as a horsewoman is well known, has on more than one occasion given a strictly private entertainment to her intimates, in which she has surprised them by her daring performances.

THE National Encampment of the "Union Veterans' Union" in session at Cleveland, Ohio, last week, proposed a novel scheme of pensions, not without merit. It is to add to each invalid pension one cent a month for each day's service from muster to honorable discharge, any soldier discharged for disability to be entitled to a pension for the full term of enlistment. This would involve an additional pension at the most of about \$15 per month for those entitled to an invalid pension under existing laws, with a proportionately smaller addition for those serving less than three years or not discharged for disability, which is certainly much less indiscriminate than the service or dependent pension schemes.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 25TH—In Philadelphia, Pa., Joseph Patterson, President of the Western National Bank, aged 84 years; in Closter, N. J., Colonel Mason C. Weld, aged 58 years. SEPTEMBER 26TH—In Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Emma Skerrett, formerly a prominent actress. SEPTEMBER 27TH—In New York, Dr. Abraham Gardiner Thompson, aged 69 years. SEPTEMBER 29TH—In Galena, Ill., Dr. Edward D. Kittos, an old and prominent physician, aged 72 years; in Berlin, Germany, Dr. Maximilian A. Langenbeck, Physician-in-Chief of the Prussian Army, aged 70 years. SEPTEMBER 30TH—In New York, Major James W. Burgess, Sixth N. Y. Volunteers, Wilson's Zouaves; in Nyack, N. Y., Dr. Frank B. Green, editor and proprietor of the *Rockland County Journal*, aged 38 years; in Newark, N. J., Colonel Charles Courtis, aged 47 years; in South Orange, N. J., Cornelius V. S. Roosevelt, aged 60 years; in Havana, Cuba, Cassimaro Delmonte, the prominent Cuban statesman and writer.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE country's corn crop for 1887 is estimated at 1,310,000,000 bushels.

THE Junior Class of the Yale Law School is exceptionally large, numbering seventy students.

THE epidemic of scarlet fever in London is still spreading. There were, last week, 1,600 cases in the hospitals.

THE ravages of the cholera in Messina, Italy, still continue, the deaths reaching between fifty and sixty daily.

REPORTS from Campbell County, one of the largest tobacco-raising counties in Virginia, indicate that this year's crop, the finest ever raised, has been almost entirely ruined by frost.

IN one day recently, over one hundred divorce cases were disposed of by five courts, sitting simultaneously in Chicago. Marriage knots were untied with a celerity never before equaled.

A RICH "clam mine" has been discovered near Ipswich, Mass. The clams, in number, size and quality, surpass anything ever seen on that part of the coast before. The value of the bed is estimated at \$50,000.

IN experiments with the new dynamite gun, last week, a shell corresponding to a charge of one hundred pounds of explosive gelatine was sent to a distance of two and a half miles with an initial pressure of less than one thousand pounds.

THE Progressive Labor party of New York, a secession from the Henry George movement, has nominated J. Edward Hall for Secretary of State; H. A. Barker, an Albany cigar-maker, for Comptroller; and Henry Emerich, of this city, for State Treasurer.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY touched high-water mark in the registration of new and old students for the Fall and Winter term, the total reaching nearly 1,000. Even the Law Department has surpassed the greatest expectations, the lower class alone numbering over forty men.

ON Friday last, Judge Ruger, of the New York Court of Appeals, granted a temporary stay of five days in Jacob Sharp's case, pending argument on a motion to make the stay permanent. Sharp's counsel will leave nothing undone to prevent his removal to Sing Sing Prison.

ADVISES from Honolulu state that, at the election held September 12th, all the members of the Sixtieth House, with perhaps the exception of two Representatives in remote districts, were elected on the platform of the Reform party supporting the new Constitution and Ministry.

A SURVEY is being made for a new railroad between New York, New Haven, Providence and Boston, the eastern terminus of the line to be at Portland. The enterprise is said to be backed by both American and English capital, and at Portland the railway is to connect with a line of European steamships.

At a Democratic primary election in Baltimore, the other day, the candidate of one of the factions refusing, at the last minute, to run, the managers nominated Wing Yon, a Chinaman for City Councilman, and six other Chinese laundrymen for Mayorality Delegates. One hundred votes were polled for this "alien" ticket.

THE Massachusetts Republicans have renominated Governor Ames and all the present State officers, except Attorney-general, for re-election. For the latter office, Andrew J. Waterman was nominated. The convention declared strongly in favor of the restriction of the liquor traffic, and the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the people.

THE New York Democracy last week nominated the following State ticket: For Secretary of State—Frederick Cook; Comptroller—Edward Wemple; Treasurer—Lawrence J. Fitzgerald; Attorney-general—Charles F. Tabor; State Engineer and Surveyor—John Bogert. Messrs. Cook and Fitzgerald now occupy the offices for which they are here-named.

A BIG stir has been caused in scientific circles, particularly among the geologists of Yale and Harvard Universities, over the discovery of a volcano on Mount Lamentation, near New Britain, in Hartford County. The discovery was made by Professor Davis, of Yale, at a small ledge half way up the mountain, which he is certain, is of much older origin than the mountain itself.

THE Central Labor Union of New York, after bitter opposition from some of the members, has issued an appeal in behalf of the condemned Chicago Anarchists. The opponents of this declaration of sympathy with bomb-throwing, representing some of the largest and most influential labor organizations, withdrew from the meeting, and now propose to reorganize the Central Union.

THE new Local Option Law in Michigan went into effect last week. Under its provisions one-fifth of the voters in any county may demand an election to determine whether liquor shall be manufactured or sold within its limits, and in the event of an affirmative vote, licenses are to be issued under terms which involve substantially the principles of high license in practice in other States. The liquor men will try to have the law set aside in the courts.

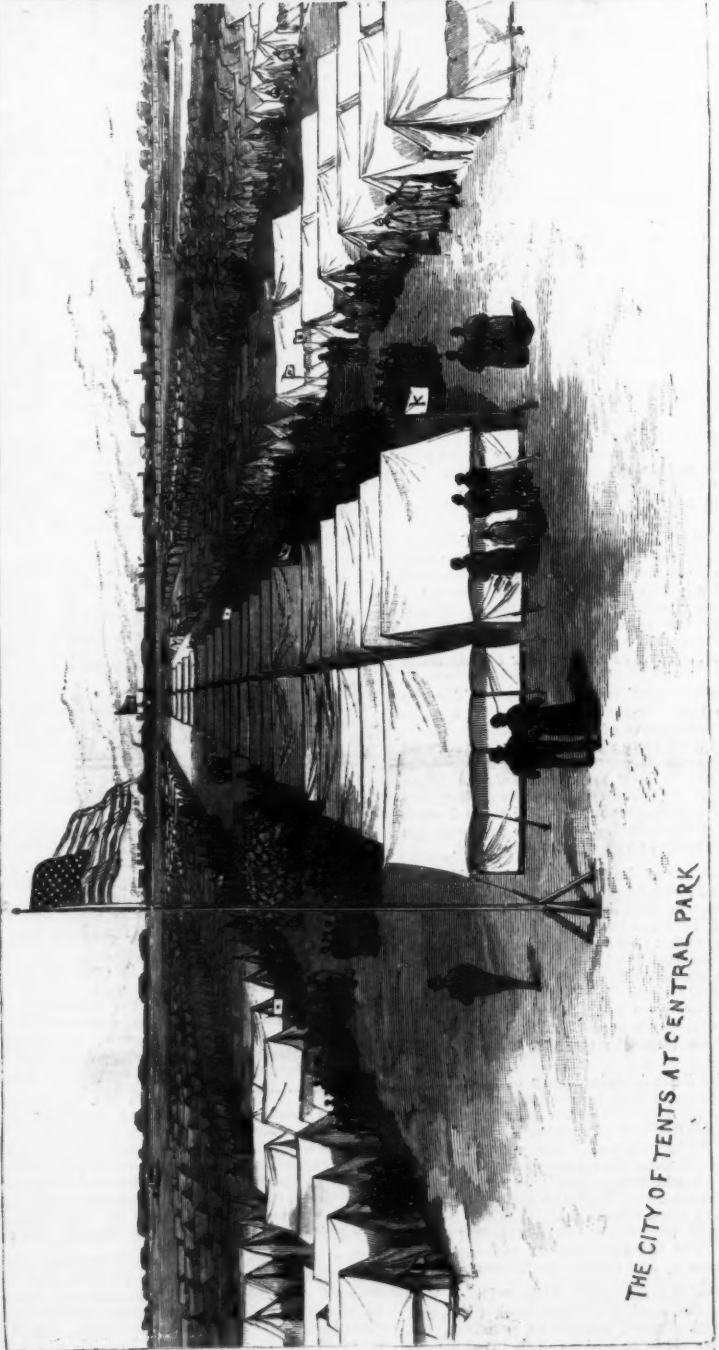
IN a letter from Wadelai, dated April 17th, Emin Bey declares that he will not return with Stanley. He says: "I have passed twelve years here, and have succeeded in recouping nearly every station in the country which General Gordon intrusted to me. I have won the trust and confidence of the people, sowing the seed of a splendid future civilization. It is out of the question to ask me to leave. All I want England to do is to make a free trading way to the coast."

THE Irish eviction war is deepening in bitterness and intensity. The tenants in all cases resist with violence, but are usually overcome by the military and police, and their effects tossed into the fields or highways. If the Government shall persist in the harsh measures it is now enforcing, riots and bloodshed will probably ensue in some localities. Meetings of the suppressed branches of the League are still being held, and attended in some places by English Members of Parliament.

THE suit of the United States against the Bell Telephone Company and A. Graham Bell has been dismissed from the United States Circuit Court at Boston, the Court holding that the Government has no power to bring a bill in equity to cancel a patent. It is at the same time held that the main grounds on which the validity of the Bell patents are attacked in this bill can be raised in an infringement suit brought under the Revised Statutes of the United States. The Government will appeal the case to the United States Supreme Court.



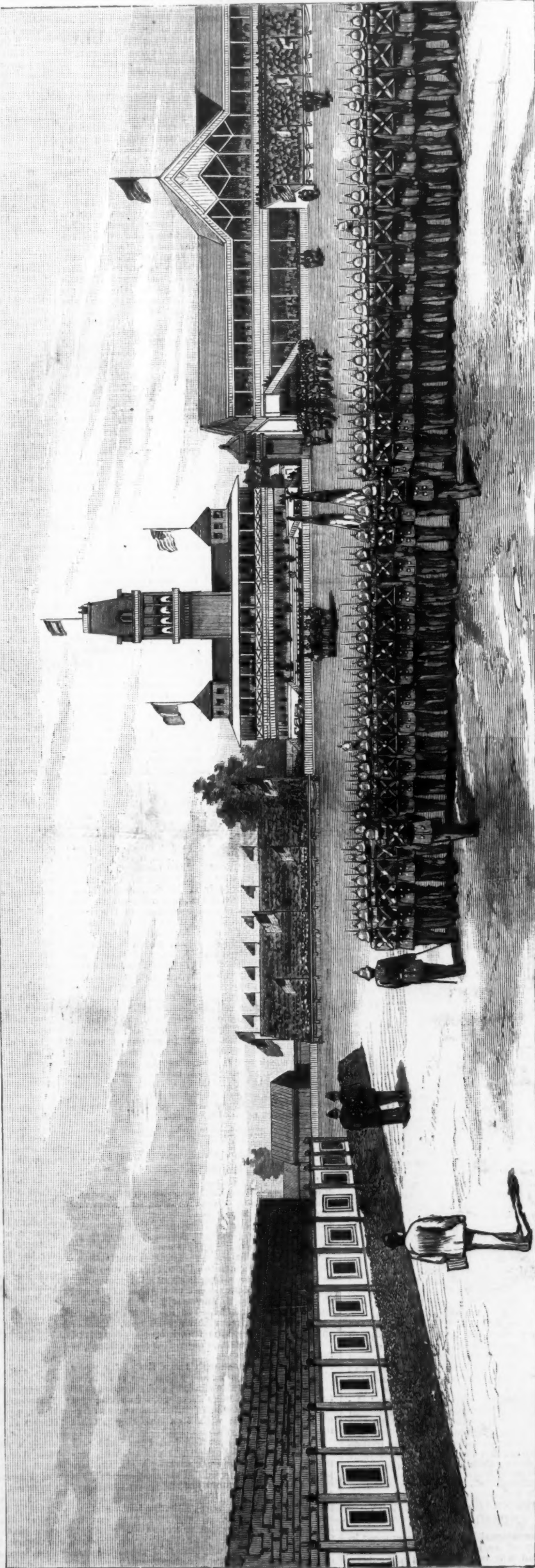
COLONEL H. M. BLACK, COMMANDER OF THE ENCAMPMENT.



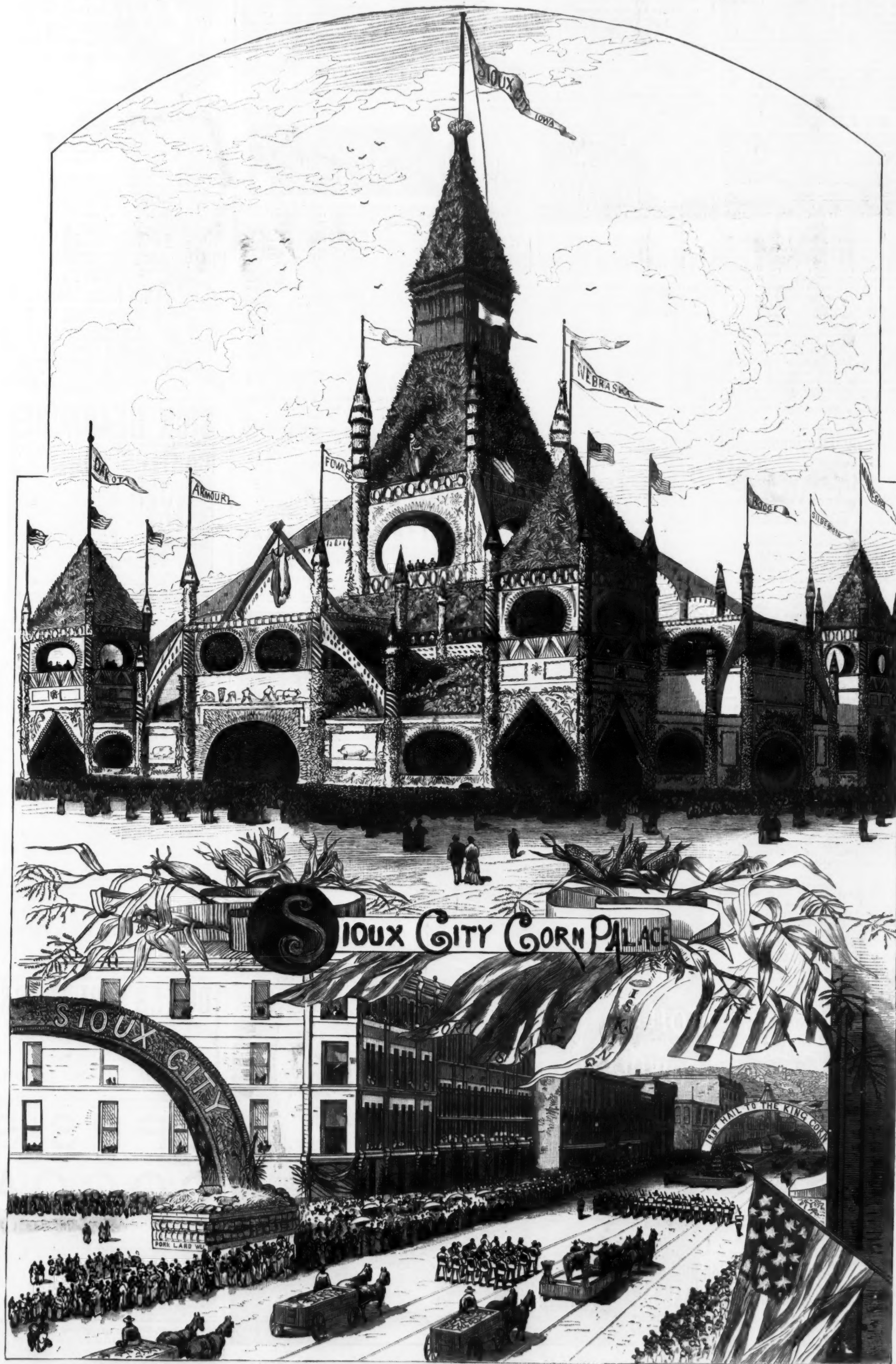
THE CITY OF TENTS AT CENTRAL PARK



GENERAL JOHN L. BEVERIDGE, PRESIDENT OF THE ENCAMPMENT.



VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE PARADE AND DRILL GROUNDS, SHOWING THE GRAND STANDS AND TARGETS.
ILLINOIS.—THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY ENCAMPMENT AT CHICAGO, OCTOBER 3D-24TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY W. E. CHAPIN—SEE PAGE 123.



IOWA.—THE GRAND HARVEST FESTIVAL IN SIOUX CITY, OCTOBER 3d-8th—A PICTURESQUE JUBILEE PARADE.
FROM SKETCHES BY GEORGE C. SEABLE.—SEE PAGE 119.

A NOVEL BICYCLE.

SOME very interesting and successful trials and experiments have been tried with a bicycle which has been constructed by Wilkins & Co., of Holborn Viaduct, London. The bicycle in its general outward appearance resembles the machine of the familiar safety kind. Starting from the centre of the town, a man rode the machine over half a mile or so of road to the bank of the River Brent, where, dismounting, he proceeded to blow into a couple of small bags attached to the handles. The inflation occupied about a minute, and then the rider, having thrown his bicycle into the water, dived after it, swam across and landed on the other side. He then rode over three or four miles of very rough and varied country, including plowed fields and swampy meadows, and having recrossed the river, regained Hanwell by some very rough lanes, lifting his machine over closed gates. Altogether he covered a distance of about five miles and his time was little more than forty-one minutes.

THE REFUGEE UTES AND THEIR LOSSES.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the Ouray Indian Agency, Utah, concerning the refugee Utes, says the latter are all grouped around the agency within a radius of two miles. "I see the chiefs daily," he continues, "and converse with them, and so far they have manifested no disposition to leave here, but are very anxious that their lost property be returned to them at once, or its equivalent in money be paid them as quickly as possible. They have given the agent an account of the missing property, and seem very careful not to exaggerate their losses, accounting in some instances for their ponies with small sticks, each representing a horse. Up to this date, so far as reported, the number of missing horses aggregate over six hundred (600), with thirty-seven (37) head of cattle and two thousand three hundred and thirty (2,330) sheep and goats, with a large amount of property pertaining to their camp outfit."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
DOMESTIC.

THE reduction of the public debt during September was about \$16,000,000.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the Irish Nationalist leader, arrived at New York on the 30th ult. He comes in private business, and will remain in the country only three weeks.

THE Centennial Committee of the Presbyterian Church has received two contributions of \$10,000 each towards the fund of \$1,000,000 which that Church is raising for endowing its Board of Relief for aged ministers, widows and orphans.

THE Senate and Assembly of Georgia are at loggerheads over a pension Bill for ex-Confederate soldiers—at present those who are incapacitated by the loss of limbs. The Assembly, in accordance with a vote of the people a year ago, wishes to add those who were wounded in other ways. The Senate will not consent to this, though willing to increase the pensions of the class already on the list.

GENERAL CROOK's report on the recent Ute trouble shows that the whole difficulty was the work of white men, and that the Indians were outrageously used and almost driven upon the war-path. According to General Crook, the attack upon the Utes by the white volunteers and the sheriff's posse was lawless, brutal, treacherous and wanton. Colorow was guilty of no aggressive act. He only took up arms as a last resort in defense of his people, their wives and children, and he only fought when the sole alternative was standing by to be shot down.

FOREIGN.

MATTERS in Bulgaria are improving, the people generally manifesting loyalty to the Government of Prince Ferdinand.

ADVICES from Cabul state that the partisans of Ayoub Khan have failed to incite an insurrection against the Amir in Herat.

It is announced that the German Government, without awaiting the issue of the judicial inquiry, has decided to grant an indemnity to the widow of the gamekeeper who was shot on the frontier, the amount to be fixed later. Young Schnabelé has also been liberated by order of Emperor William.

RIDLEY'S AUTUMN NUMBER.

THE Autumn number of *Ridley's Fashion Magazine* is rich in good reading and in suggestions of good bargains. Among the prose contributors are Florence B. Halliwell, Sallie J. Battey, Emily Hewitt Leland, Belle E. Cable, Ruth Hollingsworth and other well-known writers. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Lillian Grey and Clinton Scollard are among the poets of the number. Practical and helpful suggestions concerning the home, and early hints of the Winter's fashions, also add to the interest and value of the Magazine; while to those of a business turn of mind the profusely illustrated hundred and odd pages of price lists will afford ample opportunity of study, which should be profitable not only to the readers but to the publishers.

FUN.

THERE is always room at the top for the big apples when you buy fruit by the barrel.

LUCY LARCOM was a mill hand. So is John L. Sullivan. But there is little difficulty in differentiating the two.

WOMAN (to tramp):—"Don't you ever take a bath?" Tramp (sadly):—"I ain't got money enough, ma'am, to buy a bathing-suit."

THERE is talk of making a new cable pool. What's the matter with the Atlantic Ocean?—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

FOR coughs, colds, or any irritation of the throat, take Dr. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP. 25c.

SALVATION OIL, the great pain cure, is sold by druggists and dealers in medicine at 25 cts.

A LADY who never failed to have her little jest with the doctor all through a painful illness, exclaimed, one day, when he was announced, "Tell him I'm very sorry, but I don't feel able to see him to-day."—*The Epoch*.

WHILE Judge Cowing, in the New York Court of General Sessions, was giving his charge to the jury in a burglary case, one of the jurymen fainted. His Honor had just said, impressively: "Gentlemen of the jury, in arriving at a verdict, you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defense into consideration and give them full weight." At the words "must give them full weight," the jurymen swooned away. He was a coal-dealer.—*Texas Siftings*.

MIGHT AS WELL DIE ON THAT AS ANYTHING ELSE.

WHEN one has suffered on, month after month, consulted all the best "Medicine Men" within reach, tried all the remedies suggested by sympathizing friends, still suffers on, becoming weaker and more wretched, it is little wonder that such an one becomes despondent and cries out: "I might as well die on one thing as another, and therefore will try anything, even the Compound Oxygen."

Mr. Alonzo Clark, chief salesman in the large business house of Davis, Collamore & Co., of New York, was so greatly reduced by long-continued lung trouble, proceeding from malaria, that the doctors gave him up. They said: "If you have any business affairs to arrange, you had better arrange them soon, for you cannot live long." He had all the symptoms of advanced consumption. By this time he thought the doctors had done all they could do for him, which they verily had, at the rate of ten dollars a visit. Somebody dropped a hint in his ear about Compound Oxygen, and he thought he might as well die on that as anything else. But on taking it for a little while he found he was not going to die. To make a long story short, Mr. Clark is again at his post in the store on Broadway, and attending to business with his old-time regularity. He is, as might be expected from his experience, a very firm believer in Compound Oxygen.

This Compound Oxygen has a history embodied in a very interesting two-hundred-page treatise, which is sent by mail on application to Drs. STRAKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

READING, Pa., probably has as many breweries to the square foot as any town in the country. So that Bacon was right when he said that "Reading makes a full man."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

ANOTHER OMAHA BOY WINS A PRIZE.

OSCAR GROSHALL, a salesman in Richardson's wholesale drug house, who was the lucky holder of ticket No. 46,856, which drew one-tenth, \$2,000 of the \$20,000 capital prize in the drawing of the Louisiana state Lottery on the 9th ult., was called upon by a representative of the *Bee*, to whom he said that he had held tickets in the lottery since last January, and drew a prize at each drawing. The first time he got \$5, the second \$30, the next \$15, then \$10, and the last before this time \$5.

He says that he is not alone in the tickets, but that the young men of the house have formed a syndicate, and have invested \$150 in tickets this month. One thing strange about our last drawing was, that a young man clerking in a drug house in Shelton sent me \$5 to be invested with our money. Along with the money came the note that he hoped it would win, as he wanted to take another course of lectures in a medical college, but did not have money enough. I invested for him, and he got \$200 out of the prize, and is now in a Chicago medical college taking his course.—*Omaha (Neb.) Bee*, Sept. 10th.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, ichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

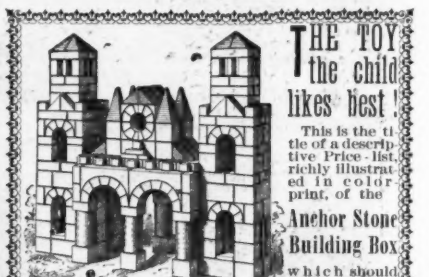
USE PERRY'S MOth AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



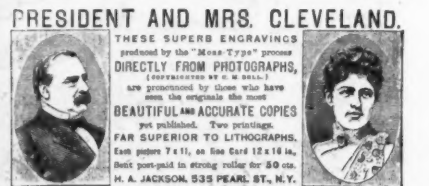
THE TOY the child likes best! This is the title of a descriptive Price-list, richly illustrated in color print, of the

Anchor Stone Building Box

which should be found in every family, and may be obtained from all Toy Dealers, Stationers, and Educational Deposits. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

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NEW YORK, 310 BROADWAY, or LONDON, E.C., 1, RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.



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FAR SUPERIOR TO LITHOGRAPHS. Each poster 7 x 11, on fine Card 12 x 18 in. Best post-paid in strong roller for 50 cts. H. A. JACKSON, 535 PEARL ST., N.Y.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

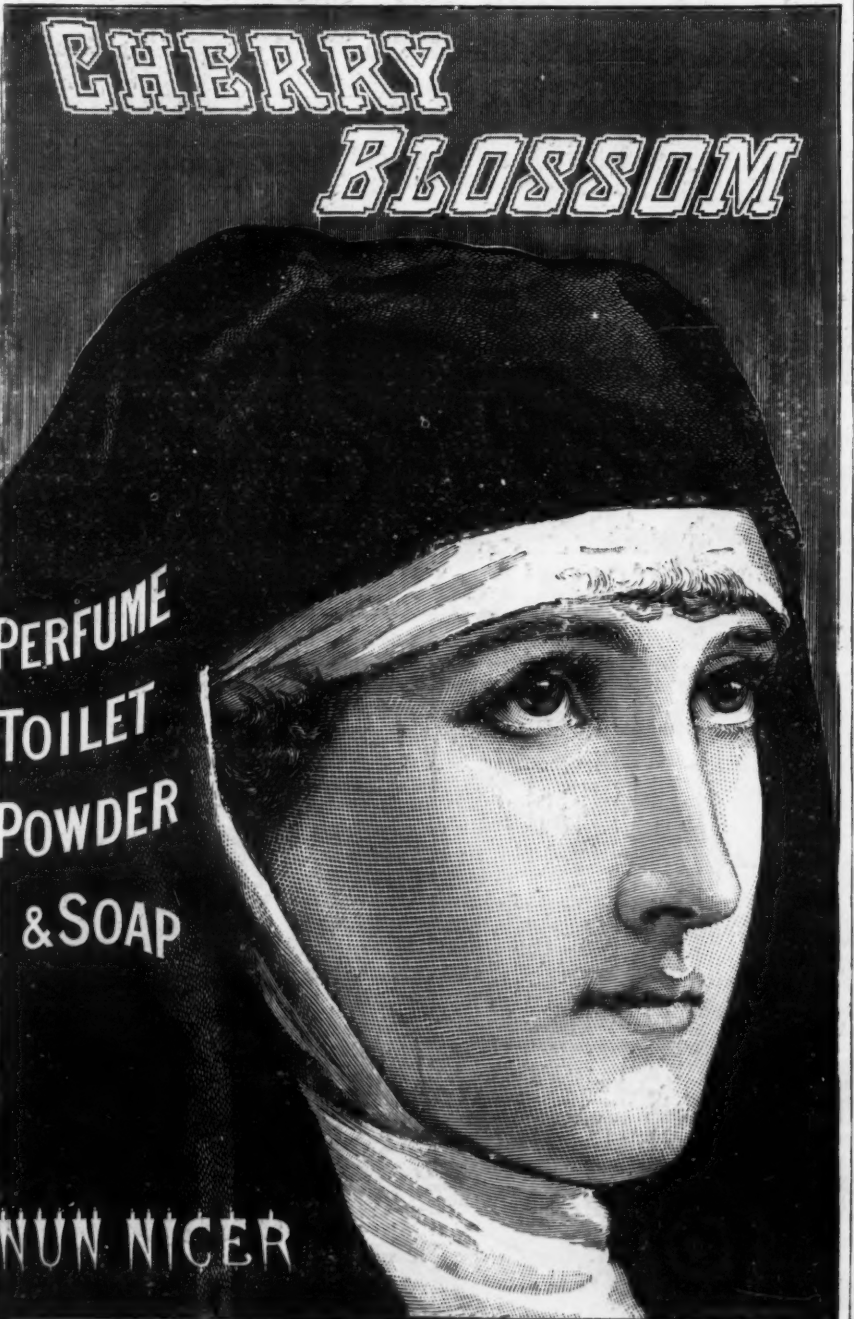
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The leading American School of Music. The following gentlemen comprise the Faculty: Dudley Buck, Samuel E. Warren, Harry Rowe Shelley, Dr. L. A. Baralt, H. W. Greene, Chas. Roberts, Jr., Walter J. Hall, C. B. Rattenber, D. L. Dowd, C. B. Hawley, L. A. Russell, August Dupin, G. B. Penny. Every possible advantage is offered both in class and private teaching. Over 200 applicants last year. H. W. Greene, C. B. Hawley, Directors. 21 East 14th St., New York.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver m't'd pipes, new designs.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM.



"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time reestablished her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time."

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

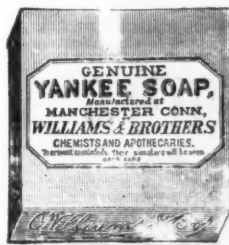
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JAMES McCREERY & CO.
Offer, among their large assortment of Fall Dress Goods, the following Special Lines:
Two Lines Stripe and Check Cheviots, 44 inches wide, at 60 cents; worth \$1.
Also, Three Lines Check and Stripe Suitings, 54 inches wide, at 75 cents; well worth \$1.25.

ORDERS BY MAIL
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RUPTURE
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Electric Belt. Truss, confined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet. **ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.**
DR. J. C. AYER, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.



15 C. Insures you over 100 shaves—and the enjoyment of a degree of ease and comfort that CANNOT be experienced without the use of the celebrated Genuine **YANKEE SHAVING SOAP.**

Rich—Permanent—Healing—Very beneficial to delicate-sensitive faces. Ask your Druggist for it—or send price in Stamps, and receive it by mail—post-paid.

Address: **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,**

For HALF A CENTURY Genuine Yankee Soap has been—unequaled—endorsed by Eminent Physicians—used—enjoyed—and recommended by every one—men—women—for quality in U. S. Navy. **Glastonbury, Conn.**

1200 DOZEN LADIES' FINE HOSIERY FREE!



We have secured a big drive in Ladies' Fine Hosiery (1,200 dozen) and propose to clear them all out in six weeks by giving them away with the Household Companion, in order to advertise and introduce it into new families. They are heavy, warm, well made and fashionable goods, in solid colors, stripes and checks. We have all the popular shades of cardinal, navy blue, seal brown, black, slate tan, in fact style and colors enough to suit all tastes. There is no need of paying from 25 to 75 cents for a pair of full and winter hose when you can get a dozen for nothing. The old reliable Household Companion, of New York is a complete family paper, fully and beautifully illustrated, containing serial and short stories, romances, sketches, wit, humor, fashion, household hints, stories for the children, &c. and stands in the first rank of metropolitan journals. Positively the entire lot (1200 dozen) to be given away during the next 60 days. Here is our offer. We will send the Household Companion six months free to 1,200 persons who will answer this advertisement, and send us the address of 20 newspaper readers from different families. We are determined to lead the race in premiums, hence this liberal inducement. It is a colossal offer, and will not appear again. If you accept it send 15 cts. in silver or stamps to help pay postage, mailing, &c. and your order will be filled promptly. Address: Household Companion, New York, (P.O. Box 2049).

A GRAND OFFER!

Solid Rolled Gold Rings almost GIVEN AWAY!



The above sets represent six of the latest and most popular designs manufactured in the ring line. The prices we name here are special, simply to introduce our goods. We guarantee each of the above rings to be made of Solid 18k. Rolled Gold Plate. Other dealers charge from \$1.00 to \$1.50 for rings not half as good. We will cheerfully refund the money to any dissatisfied customer. With each ring we send our Large Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Chains, Charms, and other Jewelry. We take postage stamps the same as cash. Rings sent post-paid to any postoffice in the United States but not to Canada. Mention this paper. Send your address to **The Domestic Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.**

BOYS Send us 6 cents in stamps and we will send you, by mail, an article you can have lots of fun with. **F. O. WEHOSKEY, Providence, R. I.**

A GRAND GIFT To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine we will GIVE ONE away in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rabbi. SEND FOR ONE to the National Co., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

\$250 EVERY MONTH 1,000 LIVE AGENTS WANTED at once. Our Agent's Guide, a beautiful SATIN-LINED CASET OF SILVER-WARE, sent free. Write for it. Address **WALLINGFORD SILVER CO., Wallingford, Conn.**

MONEY MADE EASY Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German St., Baltimore, Md.

How to SAVE re-shingling, STOP leaks effectually and cheaply in roofs of all kinds, or lay NEW roofs. Particulars FREE if you mention this paper.

RUBBER ROOFING.
UNEQUALED For House, Barn, and all out-buildings. ANYBODY CAN PUT IT ON. PRICE LOW. Write for Sample and Book. 143 Duane St., New York City. **INDIANA PAINT & ROOFING CO.**

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. SCOTT'S beautiful ELEC-TRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELLS Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. **DR. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.**

ONE 941 HIDDEN NAME CARDS cheap plates, perfect, cannot be traced, money making machine, always ready, and the largest and finest sample book of new style cards ever issued. All for a 2-cent stamp. **Stamps Card Works, Station 15, Co.**

AMERICAN LEVER STEM WIND MOVEMENT
IN A DUST PROOF Diamond SILVER CASE! **ONLY \$3.75**



To introduce our Solid Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery, &c. and to show new customers that we are the Cheapest House in the West, we make this special offer for 30 days only. Our Diamond Silver Watch is Stem Wind, and Stem Set, Open Face, finely finished, in solid cases, which look and wear like solid silver. Quick Train, with extra Jeweled expansion balance, lever imitation Elgin movement. Satisfaction guaranteed. NOTICE—That all may see and examine this watch before paying for same, we will send it C. O. D., subject to full examination if 50 cents is sent in advance as a guarantee of good faith, \$3.75 to be paid at express office, or if \$3.75 full amount is sent with order we will GIVE FREE a fine, Gold Plated Chain and Charm. **W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago, Ill. Mammoth Catalogue Free.** The above house is thoroughly reliable, and we recommend this watch to our readers.

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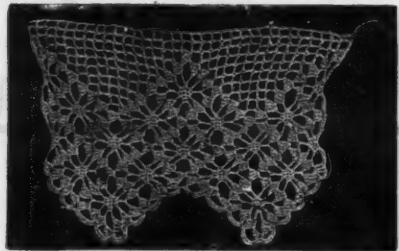
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